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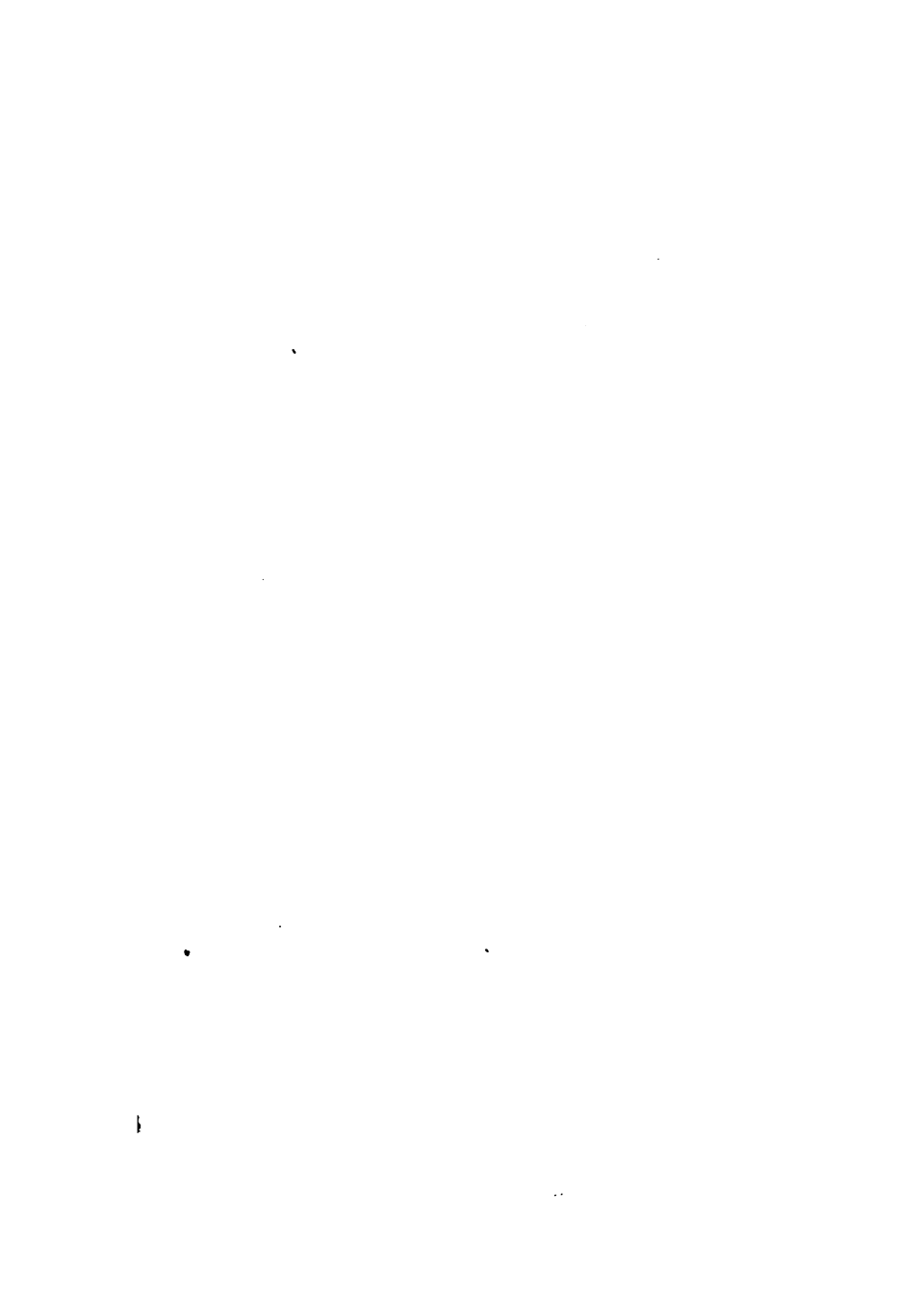
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THE

Bards of Epsworth:

OR,

POETIC GEMS

FROM THE



WESLEY CABINET.

LONDON:

ALEXANDER HEYLIN, 28, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1856.

280. v. 293.




P R E F A C E.

The Poetry of the WESLEY Family, possessing, as it does, superior poetical merit and high classical excellence, might have been expected to be well known and duly appreciated, at least by the Wesleyan portion of the reading public. That some such collection as the present has not before now been given to the world, is indeed surprising. The following pieces, like precious gems imbedded in the earth, have lain unknown, except to a few, in various publications. Some of them, such as "The Battle of the Sexes," "Hymn of Eupolis to the Creator," "Marlborough," "The Pig," "The Mastiff," "The Parish Priest," and others, have been the subjects of occasional table-talk among Wesleyan Ministers, but have been known only in name, except by a few enthusiasts in Wesleyan literature.

Considering the interest that now attaches to the personal history and the family connexions of the Founder of Methodism, these productions of the poetical genius of the family ought to be better known. They are taken chiefly from "The Wesley Family," by Dr. Adam Clarke; "Moral and Sacred Poems, by Rev. John Wesley, Bristol, 1744," and "The Arminian Magazine."

The Compiler of the volume believes that by its publication, he is supplying a *desideratum* in the literature of Methodism, and that he will gratify the taste of a large number of readers; and he confidently anticipates such a measure of encouragement as will justify the undertaking.

Nottingham, Aug. 12, 1856.





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[The following inimitable poem is from the pen of the Rev. SAMUEL WESLEY, Rector of Epworth. In the composition, he has, however, assumed the character of a pious Greek, and therefore attributes the production of it to Eupolis, a poet who lived contemporary with Plato.

There remains now no question as to its origin being alone in the mind of Mr. Wesley, as Dr. Clarke says, he sought for it occasionally for above thirty years among the literary productions of Greece, but in vain, and that all that is extant of the poems of Eupolis are their names.

The same learned divine also observes upon this Hymn, that "It may be considered as a fine, and in general very successful, attempt to imitate a Greek poet, who was master of the full power and harmony of his language, and had imbibed from numerous lectures the purest and most sublime ideas in the philosophy of Plato. The character of the Platonist is wonderfully preserved throughout the whole; the conceptions are all worthy of the subject; and the Grecian history and mythology are woven through it with exquisite art. I have spent a long time on this Poem, because I believe it to be, without exception, the finest in the English Language."

Many of the notes in connection with this Poem are from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.]



W E S L E Y P O E T R Y.

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN., M.A.

The Hymn of Cypolis to the Creator.

AUTHOR OF BEING! SOURCE OF LIGHT!
With unfading beauties bright.
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb, without a bound.
Whether *Thee* THY suppliants call
TRUTH, or GOOD, or ONE, or ALL,
EI,* or JAO, Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.

* *Ei* signifies Thou art, and was engraved on the frontispiece of the temple of Apollo at Delphi. *Jao*, a Hebrew title of the Deity synonymous with Jehovah. It is termed a "barbaric name," because the Hebrews were considered barbarians by the Greeks.

THEE, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes ;

THEE, when sweet-declining day
Sinks in purple waves away ;

THEE will I sing, O Parent Jove !
And teach the world to praise and love !

Yonder azure vault on high ;
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky ;
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced,
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.
Thou shak'st all nature with *Thy* nod,—
Sea, earth, and air, confess *Thee* God.
Yet does Thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heaven ; both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
To Thy pavilion in the skies ;
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
This we know ; or if we dream,
'Tis at least a pleasing theme ;
Barren above Thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train ;
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in Thy sight ;

(For Thee their silver harps are strung,,
Ever beauteous, ever young :
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through heaven's arch resound Thy praise!

The feather'd souls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there ;
The lark, precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn the angelic notes,
Repeating in their warbling throats :
And e'er to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below.
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast ;
Thus like Thy golden chain from high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of light ! Thou bid'st the sun
On his burning axle run ;
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky ;
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move ;
So smooth his course, oblique, or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night,
Fills at his vase her orb of light,

Imparted lustre : thus we see,
The solar virtue shines by Thee !
Phœbus borrows from thy beams
His radiant locks and golden streams,
Whence *Thy* warmth and light disperse,
To cheer the grateful universe.

Eiresiône ! * we 'll no more
For its fancied aid implore,
Since bright *oil*, and *wool*, and *wine*,
And life-sustaining *bread* are Thine ;
Wine that sprightly mirth supplies,
Noble wine for sacrifice.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains.
The olive with fresh verdure crown'd
Rises pregnant from the ground,
Our native plants, our wealth, our pride,
To more than half the world denied.
At Thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.
Minerva, only is Thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.

* *Eiresione* means a kind of talisman used by the Athenians to drive away famine. It was an olive branch rolled round with wool, on which were hung the different species of fruits and necessities of life peculiar to the four seasons of the year ; and one of these was hung up at the door of each house.

The fragrant thyme, the blooming rose,
Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's * plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
For food, for medicine, or delight;
Planted by Thy guardian care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
Alcinoan † gardens in their pride,
With blushing fruit from Thee supplied.

Oh ye nurses of soft dreams!
Reedy brooks and winding streams,
By our tuneful race admired,
Whence we think ourselves inspired;
Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding through the meadows green;
Or where through matted sedge ye creep,
Travelling to your parent deep,
Sound his praise by whom ye rose,
That Sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

Oh! ye immortal woods and groves,
Which the enamoured student loves;

* *Tempe* a delightful valley of Thessaly, remarkable for its beauty and luxuriance, and through which the river Peneus flows.

† *Alcinoan*, *Alcinous*, was the son of Nausithous, and king of the island of Corcyra,—Corfu. His gardens were so abundantly productive that they became quite proverbial.—This gave occasion to the proverb, "*Poma Alcinoos dare.*"

Beneath whose venerable shade,
For learned thought, and converse made ;
Or in the famed Lycean walks,
Or where my heavenly Master talks ;
Where Hecadem,* famed hero lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And through the gloom of silent night,
Projects from far its trembling light ;
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow,
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads ! in homage bend !
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak beloved by Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from Thee !
Whether various nature play,
Or re-inversed thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare,
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Laugh ye profane, who dare despise,
The threatening vengeance of the skies ;

* *Hecademus* or *Academus*, a famous Athenian, who, at his death, bequeathed a plot of ground for public use, about a thousand paces from the city, and which afterwards became renowned for the philosophic school of Plato.

Whilst the pious on his guard,
Undismay'd is still prepared;
Life or death his mind 's at rest,
Since what *Thou send'st* must needs be best.

What cannot Thy Almighty wit
Effect, or influence, or permit;
Which leaves free causes to their will,
Yet guides and over-rules them still!
The various minds of men can twine,
And work them to Thy own design;
For who can sway what boasts 'tis free,
Or rule a commonwealth, but Thee?
Our stubborn will Thy word obeys,
Our folly shows Thy wisdom's ways,
As skilful steersmen make the wind,
Though rough, subservient to mankind;
A tempest drives them safe to land,
With joy they hail and kiss the sand.

So when our angry tribes engage,
And dash themselves to foam and rage,
The demagogues, the winds that blow
Heave and toss them to and fro;
Silence! is by Thee proclaimed,
The tempest falls, the winds are tamed;
At **THY** word the tumults cease,
And all is calm, and all is peace!

Monsters that obscurely sleep
In the bottom of the deep,
Or when for air or food they rise
Spout the *Ægean** to the skies;
Know Thy voice and own Thy hand,
Obsequious to their Lord's command;
As the waves forget to roar
And gently kiss the murmuring shore.

No evil can from Thee proceed,
'Tis only suffered, not decreed.
Darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone;
Then does night obscure arise
From *Erebus*,§ and fills the skies,
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing and of shade.
When wars and pains afflict mankind,
'Tis for a common good designed,
As tempests sweep and cleanse the air,
And all is healthy, all is fair,
Good, and true, and fair, and right,
Are Thy choice, and Thy delight.

* *Ægean Sea* is a part of the Mediterranean, now generally called the Archipelago.

§ *Erebus*, one of the infernal gods supposed to be the father of Nox or Night.

Government Thou did'st ordain,
 Equal justice to maintain !
 Thus Thou reign'st enthroned in state,
 Thy will is just, Thy will is fate.
 The good can never be unblest,
 While impious minds can never rest ;
 A plague within themselves they find,
 Each other plague, and all mankind.

Can we forget Thy guardian care,
 Slow to punish, prone to spare ;
 Or heroes by Thy bounty raised
 To eternal ages praised ?

Codrus,* who Athens loved so well,

He for *her* devoted fell ;

Theseus || who made us madly free,

And dearly bought our liberty ;

* *Codrus* was the last king of Athens. He was so devoted to the welfare of his kingdom that when at war with the Peloponnesians, and learning from the oracle that if he was slain the Athenians would conquer, he disguised himself as a peasant, entered the enemy's camp, and provoked one of the common soldiers to slay him. The Peloponnesians, knowing the decision of the oracle, were so dispirited on finding that the Athenian king was killed, that they at once retired from the scene of contest.

|| *Theseus* was son of *Ægeus*, king of Athens. He rendered great services to Attica by promoting the cause of freedom, but was driven from his throne in Athens by the usurper, *Mnestheus*, and was destroyed by *Lycomedes*, king of *Scyrus*, to whom he had fled for protection.

Whom our grateful tribes repaid
With murdering him who brought them aid ;
To tyrants made an easy prey,
Who would not godlike kings obey.
Tyrants and kings from God proceed,
Those permitted,—*These* decreed.

Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dared old ocean's power deride :
Their shipwrecks strew'd the Eubœan* wave
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye bless'd Greeks who there expired !
With noble emulation fired !
Your trophies will not let me rest,
Which swell'd, Themistocles, † thy breast.
What shrines, or altars, shall we raise,
To secure your endless praise ?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what will never die ?
Godlike men ! how firm they stood !
Moating their country with their blood.

* *Eubœan wave.* The waters of the Ægean Sea, around the island of Eubœa, (Negropent,) and in which many of the Persians were destroyed. The land forces of the Persians having advanced as far as Marathon, on their way to Athens, were met by a small body of Greeks under Miltiades, and totally defeated.

† *Themistocles.* He took part in the battle of Marathon. He was so fired with ambition on seeing the trophies of Miltiades that he said it prevented him sleeping.

And yet a greater hero far,
Unless great Socrates could err,
(Though whether human or divine
Not e'en his Genius* could define,)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown Instructor, come !
Our leaping hearts shall make Thee room ;
Thou with Jove our vows shall share,
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.

O Father, King ! whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all Thy race ;
We Thy magnificence adore,
And Thy well-known aid implore ;
Nor vainly for Thy help we call,
Nor can we want, for Thou art ALL !
May Thy care preserve our state,
Ever virtuous, ever great !
Thou our splendour and defence,
Wars and factions banish thence !
Thousands of Olympiads pass'd,
May its fame and glory last !

* *Genius*. The spirit which Socrates said always attended him,
and which invariably apprized him of the approach of evil.

[THE following poem was written in 1705, to commemorate the famous battle of Blenheim, and the important victory gained over the French by the allied armies.

The French and Bavarians, amounting to 60,000 men, were commanded by Marshall Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria; and the allies, amounting to 52,000, by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. These two contending armies met near the village of Blenheim on the 13th of August, 1704. The French were completely vanquished, with the immense loss of nearly 40,000 men. The loss of the allies was about 12,000.

This battle was most important in its results to Europe; it caused the oppressed Germans to assert their independence; it repressed the increasing power of the French, and saved the Continent from its fearful aggression.

This admirable poem was so well received, and so highly approved, that it gained for its author a chaplaincy in the army.]

Marlborough, or the Fate of Europe.

FAR from the sun and regions bless'd and mild,
Almost to utmost *Thulé* * here exil'd,
Forgetting and forgotten long I lay,
Nor once waked up, nor had one thought of day;
As Greenland plants which neither breathe nor grow,
When press'd beneath eternal hills of snow;
As frozen insects to some crevice fly
From winter's rage, and die or seem to die;
Yet when the sun returns they all revive,
And taste his genial rays, and wonder how they live.
Such was the change, when fame and conquest join'd,
And garlands for the Hero's temples twined.
On Rhetian Alps the vocal goddess stood,
And ruin saw beneath, and seas of blood.
She saw the English lion fast advance,
And tear the *lyses* from the arms of France.
Thrice did she Marlborough and conquest sound,
And spread the news through all her endless round;

* *Thule*, Iceland.

To Asian fields by sanguine Ister borne,
 And regions bordering on the rising morn.
 For Gallic fields more slowly moved the Rhône,
 And fill'd them with a universal groan.
 The joyful Rhine, a captive now no more,
 Urged on its waves to greet the Belgic shore.
 Fair Thames and Medway hear, nor would they stay,
 But to Augusta's * walls, with shouts, the news convey,
 Nor my loved Trent unmoved; though calm before,
 She with a double *eagre* sweeps the shore;
 They only echo to the voice of Fame,
 Conquest and Marlborough they all proclaim.

Goddess, resume thy long neglected lyre,
 Once more the vocal strings with soul inspire,
 The Hero sing, and of his fame partake,
 While his immortal deeds thy song immortal make!
 The Father who the fates of empires weighs,
 And with impartial eye the world surveys,
 Beheld the Gallic power so haughty grown,
 It dared rebel and struggle with His own,
 Snatch at His thunder, and affect His throne.
 They even transcend great Nature's steadfast mound,
 Reverse her laws, and good and ill confound.

* *Augusta*,—*Augusta Trinobantum*, London, the metropolis of England.

Force is their *right*; their oaths their sacred word—
Short-lived convenience, and their god their sword.
Nor this the eternal sun that shines above,
Whose essences' truth, whose beauteous rays are love;
Who will not force the mind, but gently draws,
And whose wise goodness to His power gives laws;
He saw the monster swell to vast excess,
Her ancient bounds with scornful pride transgress.
One wing beyond the cloudy Alps was stretched,
O'er Pyrenean rocks her other reached;
The volumes of her vast enormous train,
To worlds unknown beyond the Atlantic main.
The German Eagle next, the wings to' invade,
While nations shake beneath her deadly shade;
The royal Bird in vain his thunder bears,
And oft, though struck to earth, himself he rears,
Cuff'd and disabled oft, attempts to rise,
And re-assume his empire in the skies;
Wounded and faint maintains a feeble fight
With equal valour, but inferior might.
The Dragon's teeth, fierce new-born armies yield,
An iron harvest round the moistened field;
Intestine foes the Sacred Empire tear,
And in her bowels urge unnatural war.
A prosperous traitor, with invaders joined,
To ruin what barbarians spared, designed :

Germany is no more ; the Gauls advance
O'er captive Ister's streams, and all is France.
Hardly their famed metropolis appeared,
And something now beyond the Turks they feared.
Like some strong town, whose walls the foe had gained,
The narrow citadel alone remained
Ill-guarded, half-deserted, and distressed,
A panic terror seizing every breast.

Liguria passed, again the furious Gaul
Might Rome have sacked, and pressed the capitol.
But Rome submits, nor boasts her mighty deeds,
Infallible,—while Gallic power succeeds.
Yet still more base, perfidious aid she lends,
And with mean arts betrays her ancient friends ;
Retreating slow, with rage the floods they crossed,
What they by valour gained, by treason lost.

The while, a joy to madness near allied
Lutetia's * temples rends, and swells her pride :
The Pagans' sanguine rites reproach no more,
Or Scythian altars stained with human gore,
When mis-named Christians dare affront the skies,
And myriads after myriads sacrifice ;
Rank in their squadrons every guiltless star,
And make them parties in their impious war.

* *Lutetia*. A name anciently applied to Paris, the capital of France.

Yet think no grateful incense can aspire,
Like smoke from towns that shine with hostile fire.
Couriers on breathless couriers daily sent,
Fresh laurels bring, and fame itself prevent.
Te Deums now are vulgar anthems grown,
From matins and from vespers hardly known.
Those decent thanks for heaven they spared, 'tis true,
But to their Monarch think far more is due.
New blasphemies, new adorations paid,
They kiss his feet, and still implore his aid.
If *Louis** shine, they laugh at those above;
As father Nile alone is Egypt's Jove.
Elated even beyond their nation's pride,
Themselves, as well as him, they deified.
While *Louis*, like the Samian tyrant reigns,
And Fortune by his chariot leads in chains—
The bounds of human happiness surpassed,
To the third heir, he sees his ill got conquests last.

Such was the face of things, such Europe's state,
When thus the Sovereign Arbiter of Fate :—
“ Thus far have we the oppressor's fall delayed,
But here shall his insulting waves be stayed.
Worthy our vengeful thunder now he grows ;
And now 'tis worthy heaven to interpose :

* *Louis* XIV., king of France, sometimes called “The Great,”
born 1638, died 1715.

This moment's fix'd by our unchanged decree,
The utmost verge of prosp'rous tyranny."
Then of the powers which near His throne attend,
And by the wondrous golden chain descend,
He singles these:—first Prudence, heavenly fair,
Her looks unclouded, yet with thoughtful air.
The next was Fortitude;—what sprightly grace,
And promises of conquest in her face!
Celerity was in commission joined,
Whose wings outfly the lightning and the wind.
Then Secrecy, with modest glories crowned,
And robed with awful clouds, which heavens bright throne
surround.

"Go to the man," he said, "by us design'd
To humble France, and Europe's chains unbind:
Go, and our sealed commission with you bear,
His constant guards, and partners of the war."
By intuition they his name discern'd;
Yet unpronounced, lest by some traitor learned,
Crowding disguised among the sons of day,
He should the' important truth to hell's allies convey.

They bow'd; and swerving down the deep descent,
Borne on a beauteous lunar rainbow went,
And *Marlborough!* alighted at thy tent;
As on Mosella's streams thy squadrons lay,
Waiting for thee, and the returning day.

For now the silent noon of night was o'er,
And Phœbe hastened to her eastern shore.
Thoughtful they found the chief, his head reclined,
The fate of Europe labouring in his mind.
His heavenly friends unseen assistance brought,
Mould the great scheme, and polish every thought ;
Till ripened with new vigour in his eyes,
And waked from deep concern,—“It must be thus,” he
cries :

“This saves our friends, and breaks the' united powers
Of haughty France and hell, if heaven be ours :”
Then calls to horse ; his willing troops obey,
Speed marched before, and travelled all the way ;
While *Secrecy* a cloud around them drew,
Too thick for subtle spies or traitor's view.
Such that which round God's favourite armies spread,
And safe through sandy worlds and trackless deserts led.
Dazzled at first, the foes before him run,
Like birds obscene that cannot bear the sun ;
O'er Ister's streams their leader speeds his flight,
Immersed in earth, and shuns the conscious light ;
There, meditating mischief, doomed to wait
Till France awhile prolongs and shares his fate.
Once more from earth the' imperial Eagle springs,
And prunes his bolts and shakes his moulted wings.
Though slow with wounds, his fate is pleased to try,
And bravely bid for death or victory ;

Nor needs the heavenly courier, sent to guide
The British chief, unguarded leave his side ;
The German heroes needs not press to join
And share the glory of the brave design.
As when a matron, by fierce ruffians found,
Unguarded and alone is seized and bound ;
If heaven to her unhop'd assistance send,
Some generous warrior or some powerful friend ;
They need not long her valiant sons persuade,
('Tis nature's kindly task) to join their aid ;
They, on the wings of love and duty fly,
Resolved to save her, or resolved to die.
Who first, who next, shall of these worthies claim
A deathless memory in the rolls of Fame !
Eugene the first such faith, such valour shewn,
Adopted Germany's and all her own ;
Whose arms too well the Gallic ensigns know,
Oft met by Mincius, and the royal Po,
And rolled in blood : nor Baden's sword in vain
On unbelievers drawn, he has his thousands slain.
Next him undaunted Hesse :—how young, how brave,
A German all, he hates the name of slave,
Triumphant France his arms have taught to yield,
And trailed their conquering standards from the field.
More might I sing, in Time's fair leaves enrolled,
How prodigal of life, how largely souled !

Who, when the rallied foe with cautious fear
On Danube's banks strove to secure their rear ;
When Art and Nature in their camp unite,
Forced the strong pass, and put them both to flight :
Earnest of greater sums which Fate will pay,
A glorious morning to a brighter day.

See where the French new hydra armies send
At once to ruin and assist their friend ;
Till when too weak, he not disdains to try
Base faith-breach and unprincely treachery,
Virtues he copied from his great ally :
Obtending treaty would our faith abuse,
And where he can't resist our arms, amuse.
But Prudence calling Diffidence to aid,
To the confederate chief the fraud displayed ;
"So may they join in happy hour," said he,
"Our fight will yield a double victory."
Devotion which too oft in camps has been
A stranger, nor in temples always seen,
Drawn by his great example and desire,
Returns, and does his vigorous troops inspire
With a new warmth, and more than martial fire.
When heaven they conquer, how can man withstand,
Or mortal strength resist the Almighty's hand ?
Secure of fate, they on success rely,
'Tis with them equal now to sleep or die.

They with their strong cherubic guards unite,
And like the thundering legion pray and fight ;
For now the long-expected morn arose,
Which shewed them their desire, the united foes.
Not eager lovers with more transport see
Long absent friends than these their enemy.
Though all they wished, the numbers and the ground
Was theirs, and hills, and woods, and shades profound ;
Without such odds, we had not fought them fair,
Deep trenches here, and towering ramparts there ;
A wall of cannons, which in fire and smoke,
Their master's last and only reason spoke.*
Their flank the Danube fatally secures,
Whose stream a foreign lord ill pleased endures,
But like the town whose captive walls he laves,
Which blush to see their towers reflected from his waves,
The approaching happy moment waits with pain,
When Fate and Marlborough shall break his chain.
Nor this sufficed. In front a deep morass,
Denying all that wanted wings to pass ;
But soon our general's conduct, and his care,
Strong flying bridges threw, and marched in air.
When from the bog's abyss a phantom rose,
And did his vast tremendous form disclose,

* *Their master's last and only reason spoke.* This is an allusion to the motto which Louis XIV. placed on his brass ordnance, "*Ultima ratio regum,*" The last argument of kings.

All armed in burnished brass ; a shield he wore
Of polished steel, with *lyses* powdered o'er,
Whose drooping heads surcharged with human gore.
Superb his air, as when from bliss he fell ;
He was no vulgar potentate in hell.

“ Shall we look on, and no assistance lend
Our darling nation, and our bravest friend ?
Must then a *woman* crush our rising state ?
O envy ! O malignity of fate !
Can Bourbon fall like feeble Austria ! Can
A God confessed submit to less than man ?
Ye Powers ! do two Elizas breathe in Anne !
Shall partial heaven her arms and counsels guide,
And for her favourite chief such guards provide !
(He saw the shining warriors by his side.)
Must Nature's self within his ranks take pay,
While pushing on the great decisive day ?
Big with such vast events, bold mortal, stay !
Though water, earth, and air I must resign,
I'll try if all the elements be thine,
Turenne, and Schomberg for a third prepare
Your silent shades ; this moment sees him there ! ”
He said, then to a murdering cannon pressed,
Traversed the piece, and points it at his breast ;
One of his train gives fire, the bullet takes its flight,
And drew behind a trail of deadly light ;

But glorious Michael, who attends unseen,
Steps in, and claps his sevenfold targe between ;
'Twas he, for the Red-Cross adorned his breast,
And the Old Dragon's spoils his dreadful crest.
Dropped short the fiery messenger of death,
As with his journey tired, and out of breath.
The fiend blasphemed his hopeful project crossed,
And thrice renounced what long before he'd lost :
He thence, amid the thickest ranks retires,
And all with his own desperate rage inspires.
'Twas well his caitiff body was but air,
Or Marlborough had found and seized him there,
Who, all things now prepared to strike the blow,
Thus to his English soldiers,—Here's the foe !
Like air, like fire, like English swift they ran,
With well known shouts the bloody toil began.
Now fight, Philistines, or your Dagon's gone,
The sacred ark prevails, and you're undone.
They did as Louis were himself in sight ;
As who for life, and more for empire fight,
Forget themselves, and charge and charge again,
Nor only in their onset more than men,
Rallied and rallied, till though bored and broke,
And death with death repaid, and stroke with stroke.
And did we shrink ? Did English troops give way ?
Say ye who felt them, brave, though conquered, say ?

Pressed by your numbers, did we seem to fly,
Or start? Did any leave his rank to die?
How decently they fell, unknowing none to yield,
And with their manly bodies strewed the field!

What warriors those, with death encompassed round,
It should be Cutts, but he's without a wound:
So many a scar from former fields he wore,
He now escapes, there was no room for more!
Thus stars which in the galaxy combine
With numerous beams, yet undistinguished shine.
Look down, ye blessed! O Courcy, Talbot, Vere,
Look down, and know your genuine offspring here!
Glory's too mean a prize, 'tis false, though bright,
But these for liberty and Europe fight.
'Tis fairly thrown, the gains will quit the cost;
This evening sees a world preserved or lost.

At distance labouring round great Eugene see,
And with him the remains of Germany,
What life, what spirit, what superior air!
How can such troops be beat when Eugene's there?
Nor were they unemployed; nor would the foe
Led by Bavaria, yield without a blow.
So a fell wolf that long unchecked has prowled,
And scour'd the plains, and stormed the trembling fold;
When him the shepherds to his covert track,
And aided by their faithful dogs attack;

Oblique he grins, fierce though encompassed round,
Still fights, and none escapes without a wound.

Of troops, brigades, and wings, the rest take care,
But Marlborough alone is everywhere ;
As prudence bids, the various battle views ;
Like nature, what is lost by time and death renews ;
Till courage calls, her well known voice he hears,
Erect and greater than himself appears.
With him the English cavalry advance,
And charge and mingle with the flower of France,
They feel the odds, their ancient lords they fly,
And now had little else to do but die.
Churchill, who like his brother looked and fought,
One army slew, another captive brought ;
While by Lord Hesse the Belgic squadron led,
Like English charged ; the French admired and fled.
For now 'tis done, the mighty struggle's passed ;
The braver, juster side prevails at last.
France may be beat, her boasted reign is o'er,
The scourge and terror of the world 's no more.
There, Louis ! all thy blasted laurels lie ;
And there, thy universal monarchy !
Thy hoary warriors boast their spoils in vain ;
The' Invincibles are broke, the' immortal squadron's
slain !

Let chronicles to future worlds recite
The carnage and the relics of the fight ;

What thousands plunge in death their lives to save,
And sought glad refuge underneath the wave;
Sinking, a ghastly look behind them threw,
Lest to the bottom we should them pursue;
While their more valiant leader dared survive,
And to adorn our triumphs deigns to live.
* What armies we of *generals* led away,
What *lumber-captains*, and how vast a prey;
Troops of *noblesse*, *battoons*, and mangled peers,
How many a house in France that mourning wears,
Though kind gazettes repair the loss with ease,
And raise new *paper-squadrons* as they please.

But why so slow? Why does not Louis stamp,
Or with a nod recruit Bavaria's camp?
Must he for nature's tardy methods wait?
The *immortals* in an instant can create!
Why then delay his succours till the spring,
Since greater honour to his power t'would bring
To make an army than to make a king?
Or did he leave his friend to fall so low,
The greater power in his relief to show?
Nor did he at the shadow snatch in vain;
See him ambitious regal honours gain,
E'en in his flight, for thus did France ordain.

* What armies we of *generals* led away. There were 1,200 officers taken prisoners during the battle.

'Till the next vacancy preferment brings,
And ranks him in the college of his kings.

Gazettes may fill the triumphs that remain,
We glean some dukes, and a few towns we gain
Before, the work of but one large campaign.
We came, we conquered, ev'n before we saw
Augsburg and Ulm, and thee regain'd, Landau !

And now for peace should Europe humbly sue,
And generous France the treaty deign renew ;
Should she the glory of her arms deny,
And condescend to part with Germany,
Her righteous cause so must an umpire leave,
As cannot be deceived nor can deceive ;
The Infallible at Rome, the sacred chair,
Where faith can hardly with her own compare :—
What happy halcyon days must needs ensue ;
How just, how firm the ' alliance, and how true !
Next to have ne'er begun the war how blessed
Our land, of peace on such fair terms possessed.
Thus soon may Louis move, and thus may those
Who scarce disguised declare for Europe's foes ;
And had their sage advice prevailed before,
Marlborough ne'er had left our English shore,
The mighty work had still been incomplete,
And heaven in vain had formed him well and great.
We merit chains, if France again we trust ;
Who will not, cannot, to her oaths be just.

Her frowns are many, but her smiles are base :
These fairly kill ; those stab with an embrace.
Bavaria, Savoy, greater names can say
How dearly for her friendship fond to pay,
May those be blessed with such a strong ally,
Who start at swords, and would by lingering poisons die !
Let war, and let more hundred millions come,
And worse perhaps than either, feuds at home.
So our loud crimes may not so high ascend,
As to pull down the curse of having France our friend !
The die is cast, and fortune courts the brave ;
No medium's left, he must be lord or slave.

Too long, illustrious chief ! have we delayed
The praise, the triumphs, which can ne'er be paid.
We lent thee to the allies, but never gave,
Hast thou another Germany to save ?
At length he comes, and leaves the Belgian shore ;
What myriads stretch to meet him half seas o'er ;
While his loved name their hearts and lips employs,
Prevents their eyes, and antedates their joys.
Some praise his equal conduct in the state,
In council calm, unmoved by warm debate,
Great in the court, yet him the country bless ;
Great in the camp, how rare a happiness !
Above a narrow faction's mean design,
True as the sun to his meridian line.

These his dexterity for business made,
His application these, and timely aid.
Some his humanity ; how easy of access,
How prone to save, and pity, and redress ;
How formed to help, how made to please and bless !
While others choose his laurels fetched from far,
Fight o'er his battles, and renew the war.
Like the great Spirit that moves this varied whole
Is Marlborough, his numerous armies' soul.
'Tis he informs each part, his looks inspire
With vig'rous wisdom and with tempered fire.
Nothing he leaves to chance's blind pretence,
But all is prudence, all is providence.
Firm and intrepid to the last degree,
Alike from slowness, and from rashness free ;
The French and German virtues he unites,
Like one consults, and like the other fights.
Above mean arts of spinning long campaigns,
Where both must lose, but neither party gains ;
'Twas not for this his English marched so far,
He came to end, and not to make, a war.
The torrent of his conquests flows so fast,
Like waves the first is buried in the last ;
When Liege the deluge of his arms subdued,
Bavaria might his gathering fate have view'd.
One summer's isthmus only did repress
The two vast rival seas of his success.

While Fate took time to breathe that instant o'er,
The waters rent away the narrow shore ;
Both oceans meet, new hills on hills are tossed,
And mingling waves in friendly waves are lost.
The Macedonian youth, whose arms subdued
The Roman-Persians, and the Indians rude,
Beyond a mortal lineage strove to rise,
And claimed ambitious kindred with the skies ;
But had his phalanx won such fame as ours,
And routed Bourbon's and Bavaria's powers,
For Hammon's son too great, he'd soared above,
And filled the car of Mars, or throne of Jove.
Our conqueror saves more than the Greeks o'erran,
Yet bows to heaven, and owns himself a man ;
Forbids those altars we attempt to raise,
At once surmounts both vanity and praise ;

But emperors alike and poets err,
Who try to raise his finished character :
The name of Marlborough such worth proclaims,
Hero and prince to that are vulgar names,
His sovereign's smiles, and heaven's alone can pay
What Europe owes him for so great a day.

And now her awful head Britannia rears
On Dubri's cliffs, an azure robe she wears,
The sword and long contested trident bears ;
While her white rocks the turrets of her court
Can scarce the impatient gazer's weight support ;

While thither all her subjects turn their eyes,
As Persians,* when their god appears to rise,
And thousands after thousands crowding ran,
Pleased with the concourse, thus the nymph began :—
“ If ever joy admitted of excess,
It must be now, for mine is hardly less ;
Already the loved man you wait’s in sight,
The distant skies are fringed with radiant light ;
The waves can scarce support the weight he brings,
As proud as when they brought your captured kings :
Yet ere once more his native lands are pressed,
And England with his glorious footsteps blessed,
With care a mother’s kind advice attend,
Britannia speaks, a mother and a friend.
So may you brighter trophies yet obtain,
Nor heaven on favoured Albion smile in vain.
Enough, my sons ! enough of noise and strife,
And stern debate, the deadliest plagues of life,
Now learn to love ; your arrows close unite,
Unbroke and firm as your own ranks in fight.
My Senates will, I know they will combine
To frustrate tottering France’s last design :
If those agree, she doubly must despair ;
If not, we lose in peace, our gains in war.

* The Persians worshipped the sun as their principal god under the title of Mythras.

Contend they may, and warmly will debate,
Which most shall guard, and most adorn the state.
Or first my wishes and their own prevent,
In thanks for those high blessings heaven has sent.
Their only strife, their only grand contest,
Which loves their sovereign and their country best.
How weighty falls the curse on those whose pride
Or faction would those sacred names divide !
Why should they clash who equal good intend,
Or differ in their *method* more than *end* !
Preserve, my sons, those barriers heaven has made,
Let none my ancient landmarks dare invade !
Unenvious to yourselves your bliss possess,
And be for once content with happiness !
Look round the spacious globe, and find a spot,
(In vain ye seek it) that excels your lot.
Fire, rapine, famine, sweep all Europe's plains ;
Here, throned in blood, a moody tyrant reigns.
Weak councils and contending interests there
With much of pain, expense, intrigue, and care,
Treasure eternal seeds of strife and war :
Here a young Phæton drives furious on,
With his high seat and fortune giddier grown :
His hands would Jove's own ponderous bolts retain,
That grasps the unwieldy forces of the main.
Rashless pursues what valour well began,
He'd kings unmake, and make, e'er he's himself a man.



While sacred *Themis* in my Albion reigns,
Whose equal hand my sword and heaven's sustains;
Impartial she, now fondly fabled blind,
Sent to redress the wrongs of all mankind.
See her the bright capacious balance hold,
Like that which shines above, and flames with heavenly
gold.

In vain the Gaul his ancient arts has shewn,
And in the lighter scale his sword has thrown;
Her tempered blade to the adverse scale applied,
His mounts in air, and feels the juster side;
Nor will she sheath it, to the hilt embued
And drunk with hostile blood, till France and vice
subdued;

Yet calm, as those above, if ought they know,
Ought that concerns their militant friends below
When tyrants here subdued, or monsters slain,
A sober joy shoots round the eternal plain.
How firmly wise! how great her easy state!
What goodness does majestic power rebate.
Strong as Hyperion shoots his golden light;
Yet mild her rays, as Cynthia's, and as bright.
Her soul like the superior orbs serene,
Which know not what a cloud or tempest mean;
Though pointed flames are by their influence hurled,
And their unerring thunders awe the subject world.

If distant regions taste her friendly care,
How blessed, who her maternal goodness share.
Her bounds beyond Herculean columns known,
And ancient Calpe's walls her empire own ;
While peace and justice she at home maintains,
And in her subjects' hearts unrivalled reigns.
Whom has she not obliged ? How wretched those
Who are their own, and hers, and virtues foes !
Eliza might have learned from her to please ;
Herself she taxes for her peoples' ease :
What altars by her generous hand supplied,
Whose flames have dimly rolled, whose fires had died,
Shall shine with incense which her bounty threw,
And constant intercourse with heaven renew ?
From thence a full return of blessings gain,
Nor have her grateful offerings blazed in vain.
The vested priests the cheerful flame surround,
Deserted domes are filled and altars crowned.
For her their vows, for her their victims bleed,
Long, long may she herself, herself succeed !
Long, e'er from us, and her loved prince she part,
'Tis less to share a crown, than share her heart."
She said ; and now the smiling surges bore
Her best loved son safe to her oozy shore.
But sooner may we count the' unnumbered sands
Than half the crowd of lifted eyes and hands.

The mingled smiles with floods of joyous tears;
The prayers, the shouts, when Marlborough appears.
She gazed intemperate on the hero's face;
He saw and bowed, and ran to her embrace:
But what she said a mortal strives in vain,
'Tis past the powers of numbers to explain.
Such was the moving scene if not the same,
When love and his illustrious consort came,
The unrivalled partner of his heart and fame!
Blow soft, ye gentle winds! let storms retire,
Ye gentle winds ambrosial sweets respire!
Soft as chaste lovers' sighs, let Nature bring
The inverted year, and raise a second spring!
On foreign shores let war and winter rest,
Our happy isle of Marlborough possessed,
With peace and with eternal verdure blessed.



The Battle of the Serres.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, JUNR., M. A.

I.

THOU, for whose view these numbers were design'd,
 A while with favour, Hamilton, attend ;
 Smile, and begin not now to be unkind ;
 But though the poet please not, spare the friend.
 And thou, dear object of my growing love,
 Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,
 Approve my verse, which shines if you approve ;
 Let giddy madmen court delusive fame ;
 Let your acceptance sweet repay my toil ;
 Let age and rigour frown, so youth and beauty smile.

II.

Of arms, which fierce contending sexes bore,
 I sing ; and wars, for fame and empire made.
 Despotick man ruled with tyrannick power,
 Obeyed, but with reluctance still obeyed ;

With words his long-disputed cause he tries,
But woman's equal wit disdains to yield ;
At length to arms ungenerously he flies,
As quick the female takes the proffered field,
Each their superior merit to maintain ;
For man was learn'd and proud, and woman fair and vain.

III.

A plain there was, called Life, extended wide,
To which a single painful passage led,
With numerous outlets placed on every side ;
Scenes smiling fair the prospect overspread.
Flowrets, and myrtles fragrant, seemed to rise,
All was at distance sweet, but near at hand
The gay deceit mocked the desiring eyes
With thorns, and desert heath, and barren sand,
Severest change afflicts the uncertain air,
Exposed to summer suns, to blasts of winter bare.

IV.

'Twas here each sex their field of battle chose,
The narrow entrance by consent they passed ;
But entered, soon their enmity disclose,
And to their different standards march with haste.
Before directing reason yet awake,
Was passion taught them ev'n in infant age,

While ancient sires the kindling sparks provoke,
And waning dames impertinently sage.
Thus either sex in mutual fends combined,
As though for wars and hate by nature's God designed.

V.

Brigades of crafty neuters hovering lay
Camped on the margin of the spacious plain,
To wait the double fortune of the day,
And public loss improve to private gain.
Detested Prudence ! others, nobler far,
Their unresolving march to neither bend,
Purposed in friendship to compose the jar,
Or timely succour to the oppressed to send.
Here *Marriage* chaste, there *Love* the conqueror lies,
Adverse to raging *Lust*, and grovelling *Avarice*.

VI.

The women first, quick to revenge, were seen
In shining rich enamelled arms advance ;
Like ancient Spartans, o'er the level green,
To breathing flutes they trod a measured dance,
Dreadful to man so moving ! straight in air,
Male banners wave, while sounding trumpet's breath
Kindles in martial breasts stern love of war,
Deliberate valour, and contempt of death.

Furious they charge, while *Fortitude* their guide
Conspicuous in the van, his female foes defied.

VII.

In freshest pride of life, and strength of years,
The male battalions worthy to command,
In times of danger unappalled with fears,
A chieftain swift of foot, and strong of hand ;
Nor tired with labours, nor dismayed with pains,
Armed at all points, a stranger to despair,
He dreads not treason, and he force disdains ;
In bitter taunts he thus accosts the fair :
“ By women charged, shall warriors back recoil ?
Sharp swords and pointed spears shall feeble distaffs foil.”

VIII.

Beauty, great general of the female war,
Sprung from the front with *Fortitude* to' engage ;
Too slight for toil her tender limbs appear,
Yet stoutest heroes trembled at her rage.
Stiff ribs of whale her coat of mail composed
Composed with art, her taper waist to show ;
A beaver wrought with black her helmet closed,
Which by the name of masks the moderns know,
Each step, each motion, shot an artless grace ;
She seemed of conquest sure, sure e'en without her face.

IX.

The warlike virgin, and the hero, chose
In different ways to wage an equal fight ;
With giant strength he heaps redoubled blows ;
Of force inferior she depends on sleight.
Eluding furious strokes by quick retreat,
Long time she wards and wary shifts her place,
At length her helm his sword descending met,
And of her sable visard cut the lace ;
Millions of sudden charms discovered lie ;
Her skin, her hair, her brows, her cheeks, her lip, her eye.

X.

Disdainful frowns and smiles alternate rise,
Swift to her cheeks the lovely crimson streams,
While kindling rage darts lightning from her eyes,
And adds new brightness to their native beams ;
Nor shalt thou boast, the undaunted virgin said,
Nor am I yet defenceless and o'erthrown.
His forward foot the shrinking warrior stayed,
Damped with resistless fear, till then unknown ;
The enchanting voice his utmost nerves unstrung,
And what her eyes began, she perfects with her tongue.

XI.

But *Wisdom* next, slow-marching to his aid,
In heavy armour took the doubtful field ;

Tempered his helm, by wondrous magic made ;
And proof o witchcraft was his ponderous shield,
Calm without fear, and fervent without rage,
In action quick, and wary to advise,
He seemed advanced to more than middle age ;
For when had youth the leisure to be wise ?
Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly ;
Resolved his lifted arm, and quick his piercing eye.

XII.

Now *Beauty* small avails, for *Wisdom* knows
How soon her transitory glories fail ;
That age brings languid eyes, and withered brows,
Her hairs all hoary, and her face all pale,
The more he viewed, he viewed with less applause ;
Whom rage distorted, and whom pride deformed.
Sternly his unrelenting sword he draws,
Nor by her looks, nor by her language warmed.
Scarce could frail *Beauty* stand his awful view,
When timely to her aid deep mining *Cunning* flew.

XIII.

Artful her bosom heaved, her rolling eyes
Allured with glances whom in heart she scorned ;
Sweet flowed her words with ever-pleasing lies,
An infant lisp her double-tongue adorned.

Her feet half dancing, negligently paced,
Her motion, nay, her rest was all design ;
Her arms a scarf and riband bridle graced,
Whose colours glorious in the sun-beams shine ;
Their line still varying with the changing place,
Yet each alternate die was suited to her face.

XIV.

The springs and passions of the secret mind,
The wily sorceress could surely move ;
Now cruel false, now seeming faithful kind,
With well-dressed hate, and well dissembled love ;
Fast fell her tears, obedient to her will,
A side-long glance her roving eyes would throw ;
Simple in shew, and innocent of skill,
Observing most what least she seemed to know ;
Then furthest off when most approaching near,
Was never fraud so deep, in 'semblance so sincere.

XV.

A fierce and dubious conflict now began ;
Cunning, great engineer of womankind,
Wisdom, main champion for contending man,
Met, wondering each, their match in arms to find ;
Equal the fight, while both their station held
While neither chief the adverse camp invades,

But furious onsets either part repelled

By warlike wiles and viewless ambuscades,
Their safety not in strength, but flying, stood ;
They conquered who retired, they yielded who pursued.

XVI.

Meantime far to the left, great Patience fought,

Experienced veteran, hardened in alarms ;
His mail seemed proof 'gainst mortal fury wrought,
Yet furrows deep indent his batter'd arms ;
Loss with persisting diligence he retrieved,

Armed by his present ills for future wars ;
Leader of men, wounds had he oft received,
Nobly deformed with honourable scars.

A branching palm the chieftain's target bore.
Whose boughs the more oppress'd, superior rise the more.

XVII.

Him *Scorn* opposed, an Amazonian fair,

Whose haughty eyes were ever glanced askew ;
Her neck writhed backward with disdainful air,
As some distasteful sight offends the view.

That silly maid incurred her steady hate,
That could to man, tyrannic fawner, bow.
At distance let the menial spaniel wait,
Or cringing at her feet his duty know,

Studious of flight, she feared to trust her feet,
But rode a moorish barb, than eastern winds more fleet.

XVIII.

Though man, as trodden dirt, her soul despised,
Yet ill her habit and her words agree ;
A manlike hunter's dress her form disguised
Shafts at her back, and buskins to her knee :
She fought like ancient Parthians, flying fast,
And frequent stopped her swift pursuers speed,
Still as she shot, redoubling straight her haste,
Quick borne far distant by her light foot steed ;
E'er on her cask, her foeman's sword descends,
Who 'gainst impassive air his idle fury bends.

XIX.

At length, oft wounded by her backward dart,
Dismounted *Patience* headlong greets the plain ;
The boastful conqueress glories in his smart,
Stops, and alights, to view and mock his pain.
The seeming breathless champion light arose,
By wounds unweakened, fiercer for his fall ;
Nor could astonished *Scorn* his force oppose,
Debarred of wonted flight, a sudden thrall.
So dear the unwary short-lived bravery cast ;
What hours with toil preserved, with ease a moment last.

XX.

But now the neutral troops to move began,
Threatening the wearied hosts with fatal war,
Led by their chieftain *Lust*, a giant man,
With boastful voice, loud shouting from afar;
Like mountain torrents swelled by winter showers,
Resistless, fierce he sweeps along the plain
His leprous mouth a flame infectious pours,
Darting slow death and strength consuming pain;
His everlasting eyes like beacons glare,
Shagg'd as the goat his limbs, and black his bristling hair.

XXI.

Still to new conquest eager he aspired,
Leaving with scorn whom he subdued in fight;
'Gainst all repulses steeled, nor ever tired
With toilsome day, or ill succeeding night.
Active when e'er the lucky moment called
And least advantage obstinate to press;
His hardened front unblashing, unappalled,
Laughed at reproaches, and enjoyed disgrace;
Sporting with oaths, unmoved with parents moans,
With rifled virgin's shrieks, or infants dying groans.

XXII.

His shield was painted with lascivious lies,
Whoredoms divine, devised to veil his shame,

Of Jove the thunderer, and of Phœbus wise,
The bull, the goat, the serpent, and the flame.
Diana, midwife prude, by daylight chaste,
Asleep lay pictured in *Endymion's* arms;
There Bacchus' feasts, and Venus' rites were placed,
With philters base, and lust-compelling charms,
A crest obscene o'ershades the monster's head,
A Jove in eagle's form, with ravished Ganymede.

XXIII.

'Gainst *Lust* the rash coquettes their forces bent,
But sunk beneath the fury of the storm;
When *Modesty*, from the main army sent
To' oppose his rage, advanced her angel form;
Skilful with darts to wage an equal fight,
Her arm resists not, but prevents the blow;
A guiltless blush crimsoned her snowy white;
Her voice reservedly soft, and sweetly low.
Few women-chiefs did like perfection share,
Scarce *Cunning* more of might, or *Beauty's* self more
fair.

XXIV.

The championess quick seized a rising ground,
Where ramparts high by parent hands were wrought,
Whose fence the giant traversing around,
Now here, now there, in vain an entrance sought.

Upwards he pressed with unavailing speed,
Ardent in equal flight his foe to assail ;
Her ready lance meets his aspiring head,
Strongly rebuffed he stumbling strikes the vail ;
But undismayed, upstarting from the plain,
Again he rises fierce, disgraced to fall again.

XXV.

Stunned with the shock, the scarcely conquering fair,
Now wisely meditates a distant blow ;
A ponderous stone, hurled through the whistling air,
Prevents the grappling of her stronger foe ;
Full on his helm the rocky fragment fell,
And soiled in humble dust his lofty crest ;
But wounds on wounds his course in vain repel,
For ten-fold fury fires his stubborn breast ;
His glaring eyes shot red revengeful flame ;
He roared, and would have blushed, if capable of shame.

XXVI.

His fraud, the artificer of falsehood tried
In borrowed shape to elude her wary eye ;
His shield and well-known casket thrown aside,
Disguised like Love, he marched as an ally.
With unsuspecting faith the maid believed,
Till now the rampart's top the foe had gained,
Too late the lurking treason she perceived,
Surprised unawares, she scarce his force sustained ;

Courage her heart, and strength her arm forsook;
Weak, sinking by degrees; faint, yielding to the shock.

XXVII.

The self-sufficient prudes embattled stood
Near hand, but none to' assist the vanquished flies;
Their neighbour ranks they saw with joy subdued
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes;
With scoffs, and sage reproaches, they upbraid
Those that o'erpowered, for help or pity call;
"And can they yield to *Lust*?" in rage they said,
"Unaided, friendless, let the wretches fall."
Themselves were now assailed, the rest o'erthrown,
And weakness scorned so late, too soon became their own.

XXVIII.

At length the chieftain prude obstructs his speed,
By men called *Honour*, but by angels *Pride*:
On lovely earth her foot disdained to tread,
High in her martial car she choose to ride;
The load six dappled coursers proudly drew,
Their harness bright with tinsel overcast;
Still as she rode, a conscious glance she threw,
To mark what gazers viewed her as she passed.
Studded with burnished brass the chariot shined,
And dragged with useless pomp six glittering slaves
behind.

XXIX.

She clanks her rattling arms, and shouts aloud,
Strengthened by numerous troops that gazed around ;
While *Lust*, half faint, amidst the thronging crowd,
Himself on foot, a match unequal found.
He leaves the field, as desperate of success,
But with recruited rage and strength returns,
Drawn by eight steeds, he breaks the wondering press,
With gold his slaves are bright, his chariot burns.
Pride turned her reins, soon as his car she viewed ;
The monster shouts, she yields; she flies to be pursued."

XXX.

Now sable-mantled night advancing nigh,
Colours, distinct before, confusedly blends ;
While far from either host the chariots fly,
Till *Honour* tired, to parley condescends,
And deigns submit her haughty crest to lower;
For privacy she deems her shame will screen.
No more defying, striking now no more,
Since nor her vaunts are heard, nor prowess seen.
She yields a willing captive to his might,
Obscured in guilty clouds of all-concealing night.

XXXI.

From yielded *Honour*, *Lust* returning flew,
When camped in rest the male battalions lay,

And roused their wearied host with battle new,
With rage still fiercest when remote from day.
Not all the noontide heat and toil of war
Equalled the dangers of this midnight hour;
The sentry sink, unnerved with sudden fear,
And groans of wretches speak the victor's power;
Till, spread from rank to rank, the' alarm was heard,
When *Reason*, wakeful chief, his utmost tent upreared.

XXXII.

From courts and cities frequent he retired,
Reverend his hoary head, in council sage;
Scorned in extremes, and in extremes admired;
Decryed in youth, and idolized in age.
His voice was small, and still, and rarely known
When direful trumpets vex the troubled air;
He starts from earth, where armed his limbs were thrown,
His squadron's fate or to revenge, or share:—
Your entered camp from swift destruction keep,
Or instant roused awake, or slain for ever sleep.

XXXIII.

He spake; they rise obedient to his call,
Who near their chief their ready tents had placed,
Yet baffled soon, the conquerors prey they fall,
Their leader standing but to yield the last.
Awhile unconquered proved his aged arm,
Awhile his fortune hung in equal scale:

He sunk, enfeebled as he grew more warm ;
But *Lust* pressed on, accustomed to prevail,
With strength un'bated by laborious sweat,
Greatest when most opposed, increasing with his heat.

XXXIV.

Now ruddy morn purpled the glowing east,
And showed the waste the monster's rage had made ;
Whose force, nor floods, nor mountains could resist,
Nor brass, nor diamond barriers, could have stayed.
At length both shattered hosts their councils bent,
How surest to revenge their common foil ;
Made wise by smart, a championess they sent,
Whose arm alone was equal to the toil ;
Sometimes on earth by *Virtue's* title famed,
By wiser angel-minds divine *Religion* named.

XXXV.

Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood ;
Not grave with sternness, nor with lightness free ;
Against example resolutely good,
Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity ;
Who ne'er forsook her faith for love of peace,
Nor sought with fire and sword to show her zeal ;
Duteous to princes, when they most oppress ;
Patient in bearing ill, and doing well.
In prayers and tears she sought and found defence,
Nor raised rebellious arms to strengthen providence.

XXXVI.

Her prudent care was fixed on heaven's height,
Yet by her steps on earth that care was shown.
Fearless of harm in darkness, as in light ;
Fearful of sin at midnight, as at noon.
A bloody cross was portrayed on her shield,
Whose sight the monster scarcely could sustain ;
Feeble to gain, yet loath to quit the field ;
Blasted and thunderstruck with chilling pain ;
When 'gainst his head her sacred arms she bent,
Strict-watch, and fast severe, and prayer omnipotent.

XXXVII.

Murmuring he fled, yet backward turned his face,
Whom step by step the angelic maid pursued ;
Yet oft, as slackening he observed her pace,
He stay'd his flight, and battle fierce renew'd.
Meanwhile the yet remaining neutral bands
Advanced with open look and friendly mind ;
Whose timely march a glorious pair commands,
Marriage, and *Love*, unhappy when disjoined ;
Who over *Lust* the surest triumph gained,
Friends to *Religion* firm, by wisest God ordained.

XXXVIII.

Love, the most general conqueror here below,
Whose subtle nature hard is to be told ;

Whom all can feel, but few aright can know ;
Who cheats the crafty, and who fools the old.
He seemed of jarring contraries composed,
To-day sharp-sighted, and to-morrow blind ;
His beaver lifted up, his face disclosed,
Where simple faith, and winning sweetness shin'd.
High on his crest sat perched a gall-less dove,
Emblem of changeless truth, and chastity, and love.

XXXIX.

The immortal glories of the "Nut-brown Maid,"*
Emblazoned lively on his shield appear :
The various parts the shifting lover played ;
The test for human frailty too severe.
Wealth, ease, and fame, and sex she cast behind !
Where friendship leads, determined to pursue :
Not falsehood's self could shake her steady mind,
Firm to the base, and to the perjured true.

* The "*Nut Brown Maid*," a Poem written some 400 years ago, and remarkable for its ingenuity and wit. The subject of the poem was a Baron's daughter, who had formed a strong attachment to a knight, who represented himself of low degree ; an outlaw and a banished man. She nevertheless persisted in sharing his joys and sorrows : of joys she had none to expect ; of sorrows and privations not a few : her sustenance was to be by the chase or the bow - their lodging to be the plain ; their covering heaven's canopy, or leaves, or boughs ; subject to the thorny way, the deep valley, the snow, the frost, the rain, the cold, the heat, yet in the face of all this, the "Nut Brown Maid" declared her fidelity:—till, at length, overcome by her importunity, he unmasked his real character as Earl of Westmorland, and not a banished man, and soon were united the Earl and the Baron's daughter.

All but her virtue, she for Henry leaves ;
Love stands the sore assault, though rivall'd woman grieves.

XL.

Sometimes more fleet the swift-foot power would go
Than morning-light, or quicker thought can fly ;
Sometimes with stealing motion, silent, slow,
Unseen, unmarked, but by the jealous eye.
Dauntless, resolved, mindless of perils past,
Rewarded in an hour for years of pain ;
Trembles his eye, with modest awe down-cast,
Faultless his tongue, scarce daring to complain ;
Yet, when grown bold, their moving force he tries,
Manna is on his tongue, and witchcraft in his eyes.

XLI.

Of winged boys a numerous troop he led,
Whose shafts both sexes wound with certain aim,
The wounds not pain, but doubtful pleasure bred ;
For not from hostile bows the arrows came.
Forgetting feuds, they long to be allied,
And softer passions on their bosoms seize :
Down from their hands the wrathful weapons slide,
Changed is their hatred for desire to please,
In sudden peace the jarring kinds agree,
With reconciliation dear, and cordial amity.

XLII.

Transformed by magic love the males appear,
New cast their natures in a finer mould;
Prudent the fool, well-natured the severe,
The wise grow humble, and the coward bold.
Nor less his friendly darts improve the fair;
None was so loosely free or coyly rude;
The gay coquette now lived not to ensnare,
To meekest passion woman sunk the prude;
Nor could the brave resist, or fearful run,
For heaven made man to win, and woman to be won.

XLIII.

Next close to love well suited *Marriage* came,
Who hand in hand their social steps advance;
Kindly as warmth of life, her even flame,
Not fevers heat, or fluttering spirits dance;
Who pleasure tasted with reflecting thought,
Nor life upbraided for avoidless pains
Entailed on mortal state; but wisely sought
Too fitting love with long-enduring chains
Of interest and of duty fast to bind;
Fountain of chaste delight, great parent of mankind.

XLIV.

Where *Love* had touched the hearts, she joins the hands,
And grants a holier, and a stronger tie;

For death alone could disunite her bands,
Nor shorter space could friendship satisfy.
While thus she joined the pairs, the matron spoke;
“Attend, ye sexes, and my words approve,
My doom nor male nor female shall revoke;
Since nature formed the kinds for mutual love,
Your battle vain, vain is your anger shown,
For more distinguished hate, mere dotage shall atone.

XLV.

Though *Man* shall awful rule o'er woman bear,
Not sprung from greater worth, but right divine,
Yet she shall in her turn dominion share,
E'er to his will her empire she resign,
But, while she reigns, her mercy let her show,
And well employ the quickly fleeting time;
Not unrewarded shall her mildness go,
And strictest justice shall o'ertake her crime.
Gently shall those be ruled, who gently swayed;
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obeyed.

XLVI.

Ambition proud, and sordid *Avarice*,
Two mighty troublers of the world were near,
Abhorred by all men, when without disguise;
But now the garb of *Love* they choose to wear.
Ambition stooping popularly low,
Still pleaded public welfare, not his own;

Dissembling deep, yet unreserved in show,
Imposing all things, but believing none.
Whose subtle wit could cross events command,
Scorner of heaven and earth, his God, his own right hand.

XLVII.

Skilled in the various turns of giddy tides,
With dexterous timing of his watchful skill,
With cool disdain, the preacher he derides,
Who marks the eternal bounds of good and ill.
By him were princes barred of equal love,
And lost to quiet if they greatness prize.
Oppressed with state, unwillingly they move,
Crowned are the victims dragged to sacrifice.
Absent, unknown, and unendeared they wed,
Meanwhile the naked sword divides the loveless bed.

XLVIII.

Next, close to him, crept *Avarice* the old,
Quick to receive, but ever slow to pay;
Wanting for fear of want, adoring gold;
Nearer his inn, move careful for his way.
His flinty breast could ne'er compassion show,
He pity *weakness*, virtue *folly* calls;
Friendless, and to himself the deadliest foe,
Hardened he lives, and unrepenting falls.
He blooming youth to palsied age would tie,
To raise and to enrich, would end his family.

XLIX

These traitors, masked like *Love*, in marriage joined
Thousands by nature formed to disagree;
While thoughtless youth the future list not mind,
And age dim-sighted helped their treachery.
Their pairs were soon distinguished by the event;
Unkind reproach, too biting to endure,
Pining distrust, and brawling discontent,
Cursed jealousy, which heaven alone can cure,
Foul perjured guilt, sad causer of divorce,
And late repentance vain, of hell itself the source.

L.

Forgive the voice that useful fiction sings;
Not impious tales of deities impure,
Not faults of breathless queens or living kings,
In open treason, or in veils obscure.
What here I write, each knowing eye will see
To all but brutes and angels must belong;
Still will the sexes jar, and still agree,
And each day's truth shall moralize my song.
Still will each sex for sovereignty contend;
Wars with the world begun, with that alone shall end.

On the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Ser., M. A.

BY SAMUEL WESLEY, JUNR.

ARISE, my song, with utmost vigour rise,
 And bear a long-tried virtue to the skies;
 Ere yet his soul released from mouldering clay,
 Springs from the slighted earth and wings away,
 Essay thy strength! Let praise salute his ear,
 The only truth he ever wished to hear.
 Let but a father read with favouring eyes,
 And bless me yet again before he dies.
 Paid are the strains! His blessing far outweighs
 A courtier's patronage, or critic's praise,
 Or a Young's pension, or a Dryden's bays.

With opening life his early worth began,
 The boy misleads not, but foreshows the man.
 Directed wrong, though first he missed his way,
 Trained to mistake, and disciplined to stray;
 Not long for reason gilded error's night,
 And doubts well-founded shot a dawn of light.
 Nor prejudice o'erswayed his heart and head,
 Resolved to follow truth where'er she led,
 The radiant track audacious to pursue,
 From fame, from interest, and from friends he flew.
 Those shocked him first who laugh at human sway,
 Who preach, "Because commanded, disobey."

Who law's and gospel's bonds in sunder rend,
And blush not Bradshaw's saintship to defend;
Alike the crown and mitre who foreswore,
And scoffed profanely at the martyr's gore.
Though not in vain the sacred current flowed,
Which gave this champion to the church of God.

No worldly views the real convert call,
He sought God's altar when it seemed to fall;
To Oxford hasted, even in dangerous days,
When royal anger struck the fated place.
When senseless policy was pleased to view
With favour, all religions, but the true.
When a king's hand stretched out amazed they saw,
And troops were ordered to supply the law.
Then luckless James possessed the British throne,
And for the papal grandeur risked his own.
Enraged at all, who dared his schemes oppose,
Stern to his friends, but ductile to his foes.
Then jesuits wild, our churches fall combined,
Till Rome to save her with Geneva joined.
Lo! Orange fails, the prudent and the brave,
Our fears to scatter, and our rights to save.
This Briton's pen first pleaded William's cause,
And pleaded strongly for our faith and laws.

Nor yet unmentioned shall in silence lie,
His slighted and derided poetry.
Should Brown revive, or Swift my song despise,
Should other Garths and other legions rise,

Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
He sung how God the Saviour deigned to' expire,
With Vida's piety, though not his fire.
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page.
Not cursed like syren Dryden to excel,
Who strewed with flowrets fair the way to hell;
With atheist doctrines loosest morals joined,
To rot the body, and to damn the mind;
All faith he scoffed, all virtue bounded o'er,
And thought the world well bartered for a whore;
Sworn foe to good, still pleading Satan's cause
He crowned the devil's martyrs with applause.
No christians e'er would wish that dangerous height
"Nor would I write like him: like him to write,
If there's hereafter, and a last great day,
What fire's enough to purge his crimes away?
How will he wish each lewd, applauded line,
That makes vice pleasing, and damnation shine,
Had been as dull as honest Quarle's, or mine!"
So chaunts the bard his unapplauded lays,
While Dunton's prose, a golden medal pays,
And Cibber's forehead wears the regal bays.
Though not inglorious was the poet's fate,
Liked and rewarded by the good and great.
For gracious smiles not pious Anne denied,
And beauteous Mary blessed him when she died.

The Parish Priest.

ACCEPT, dear sire, this humble tribute paid,
 This small memorial to a parent's shade.
 Though fair the hope thou reign'st enthroned on high,
 Where sin can never stain, nor sorrow sigh;
 Yet still a son may duteous mourningwear,
 And nature unproved may drop a tear.
 No glosing falsehood on thy name is thrown,
 Which oft pollutes the monumental stone.
 Plain truth shall speak, which thou thyself might'st hear,
 As far from flattery, as it is from fear.

A Parish Priest, not of the pilgrim kind,
 But fixed and faithful to the post assigned,
 Through various scenes with equal virtue trod,
 True to his oath, his order, and his God.
 Wise without art he shone in doubtful days
 Of fear, of shame, of danger, and of praise.
 When zealous James unhappy sought the way
 To establish Rome by arbitrary sway.
 Whose crime from fondness for religion springs,
 (A crime ne'er pardoned in the lives of kings!)

'Twas then the christian priest was nobly tried,
When hireling slaves embraced the stronger side,
And saintly sects and sycophants complied.
In vain were bribes showered by the guilty crown,
He sought no favour as he feared no frown.
Nor loudest storms his steady purpose broke,
Firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke.
Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,
He dared the declaration to refuse :
Then from the sacred pulpit boldly showed
The dauntless Hebrews true to Israel's God,
Who spake regardless of their king's commands,
"The God we serve can save us from thy hands ; *
If not, O monarch, know we choose to die,
Thy gods alike and threatenings we defy,
No power on earth our faith has e'er controlled,
We scorn to worship idols, though of gold."
Resistless truth damped all the audience round,
The base informer sickened at the sound,
Attentive courtiers conscious stood amazed,
And soldiers silent trembled as they gazed.
No smallest murmur of distaste arose,
Abashed and vanquished seemed the church's foes.
So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,
The Jewish martyrs walked unhurt in fire.

* He preached on Dan. iii, 17, 18.

Nor yet could Romish faith so dreadful seem,
To fright his judgment to a worse extreme ;
To throw up creeds for fear of papal power,
And blame St. Peter for his successor.
For when the church her danger had subdued,
And felt on earth her usual gratitude,
When favoured sects o'erspread Britannia's plains,
Like frogs thick-swarming after summer rains ;
Against far different foes alike prepared,
No wild disputer found him off his guard.
Nor those who following Socinus' plan,
Degraded God incarnate to a man ;
Nor those, who wresting texts with greater slight,
With heaven, as taught by elder Arius's sight :
Reasoners, who no absurdity can see
In a new-made dependent deity.
Amongst his corn no tares neglected spring ;
That free-born subjects ought to rule their king,
That sense and revelation disagree,
That zeal is still at war with charity ;
That dust-born reptiles may their God disown,
And place their foolish reason in his throne.
No colours false deceived his wary eye,
Nor lukewarm peace, nor atheist liberty.
Scripture and fathers guide his footsteps right ;
For truth is one, but error infinite.
With love to souls, and deepest learning fraught,
His Master's gospel undisguised he taught.

He showed the power of kings, the mitre's sway,
Which earth can neither give nor take away.
That duty from divine command is known,
Fixed on the 'Almighty's will, and not our own.
That unbelievers must receive their hire,
The sure allotment of eternal fire.

And God the faithful sower pleased to bless,
And crowned his harvest with a vast success.
While forty years his heavenly doctrine charms,
No single son forsakes the church's arms.
* No Romish wolf around his fences prowled,
Nor fox dissenter earthed within his fold.

Not but when parties fierce in feuds engage,
When moderation spurs her sons to rage,
When all elect or reprobate have been,
In these no virtue dwells, in those no sin;
Then their low scandals on his head they shower,
As friend to papal and despotic power.
E'en those who once were tools to popish arms,
The treacherous darlings of deluded James,
Who now the purest reformation boast,
Though then their tender consciences were lost,
E'en those far off with lies his fame assail,
And their bad patrons help the wicked tale.
'Tis thus the serpent to his cavern glides,
And safe his wily head from winter hides;

* There was not a dissenter or papist in his parish.

But when returning seasons warmth inspire,
And wake his sleeping poison into fire,
With youth renewed, behold the reptile rise,
He waves and glitters in the dog-day skies,
Shoots cross the road, when sounding stepsdrew near,
And springs to' assault the way-beat traveller;
Who durst his course in rains and whirlwinds hold,
And passed unsheltered through December's cold.

Grieved for the church's shame, with pitying eye,
He saw the worthless abjects lifted high;
Empty alike of learning and of brain,
As if the pope had re-assumed his reign,
And brought our ancient Mumpsimus again.
With fruitless toil let midnight scholars pore,
And dig the mine, while others gain the ore;
Proud of demerit, claiming as their own
The stall prebendal, or prelatic throne:
While Johnson from his Cranbrook ne'er shall part,
And Fiddes pining sighs with broken heart;
While Grabe in vain the unthankful Britain flies,
And Wall neglected in a corner lies,
And poor, and unrewarded, Bingham dies;
While names obscure undue advancement meet,
And T—— could conquer Stillingfleet.
Nor yet on those preferred he cast the blame,
Far more the patrons than the clerks inflame.
Patrons afraid of sense, but not of vice,
Elate with pride, or sunk with avarice.

Patrons by villains sought, by slaves adored ;
Scorned by the generous, by the good abhorred.
Or private rascals, who from conscience free,
Search every latent nook of simony ;
Who but on base conditions ne'er present,
And future tithes by present bonds prevent :
Or knaves more public, studious to promote
Elections, bartering benefice for vote.
Is he self-willed, or knows he to obey ?
Enough ! no farther tittle need you say :
A useless man may as he pleases live,
But worth's a crime we never can forgive.
So when the Roman Peter wants a heir,
If rogues of no religion we compare,
Though worthy candidates the popedom seek,
Expert in Latin, and well-read in Greek ;
The conclave flies with Machiavillian views,
One to be governed, not to govern choose.
Like —, human learning they forswear,
And ignorance best fills the unerring chair.
That statesmen laugh, let Bellarmine go fume,
No famed Perron the purple shall assume,
No, nor Baronius' self, the Atlas of their Rome.
When age, not hastened on by guilt or cares,
Graced him with silver crown of hoary hairs,
His looks the tenor of his soul express,
An easy, unaffected cheerfulness ;

Steadfast, not stiff; and awful, not austere;
Though courteous, reverend; and though smooth, sincere.
In converse free; for every subject fit,
The coolest reason joined to keenest wit;
Wit, that with aim resistless knows to fly.
Disarms unthought of, and prevents reply:
So lightning falls the mountain oaks among,
As sure, as quick, as shining, and as strong.
Skilful of sportive stories forth to pour,
A gay, a humorous, an exhaustless store,
With sharpest point and justest force applied,
The purport never dark and never wide.
Not adversaries selves applause forbore,
And those who blamed him most, admired him more.
Scarcely the Phrygian famed for moral tales,
Who useful truth in pleasing fiction veils,
Who wisdom deep in plants and brutes can find,
And make all creatures tutors to mankind;
In apter fable solid sense conveyed,
With sounder substance, or with finer shade.

He mourned with those who pain or want endure,
A guardian angel to the sick and poor;
Where the two best of charities he joined,
To cure the body and to heal the mind.
* Across his path no wretch expiring lies,
Nor querulous blind bewail their loss of eyes:

* There were no beggars in his town.

No mangled cripple there exposed his maim,
The shock of nature, and the nation's shame :
The stranger's view no startling object meets,
And no complaining grieved his happy streets.
Oft as the year brought back the glorious day
When infant Jesus in a manger lay,
Or when from death the God triumphant came,
Or when the Holy Ghost descends in flame,
Around his board the welcome needy sate,
And crowd his parlour, not besiege his gate;
To' obey their word his children waited near,
And learned their Saviour's image to revere.
This charity performed, the wealthier guest
Was called to share his hospitable feast;
The poor invited first, his table grace,
And riches only held the second place.

While silken courtiers and embroidered lords,
To whom the earth her mines in vain affords,
Too oft their need unable to supply,
In spite of wealth are pinched by poverty ;
His scanty rent sufficed for every call,
Large was his plenty, though his income small ;
Alike in prudence and in bounty skilled, .
He never drained his purse, nor ever filled.
None e'er did twice his ready alms desire,
Nor lacked the labourer his expected hire :
Enriched by doing good a thousand-fold,
He rarely gained, and never wanted gold.

Well stored to give, and furnished still to lend,
To raise the friendless, and support the friend.
With ceaseless streams his well-placed treasure flows,
When spent increases, and by lessening grows.
So when Elijah dwelt on earth, (as far
As miracle with conduct we compare,) *Sarepta's* widow, hoping no supply,
Thought on her little store to eat and die:
Soon as she welcomed her prophetic guest,
The cruise flowed liberal, and the corn increased;
The Almighty power unfailing plenty sent,
The oil unwasted, and the meal unspent.

Such was the man by friends and foes confest,
Worthy the glorious name of *Parish Priest*.
Had not kind Heaven some champions pleased to show,
In merit high, though in preferment low;
Whose prayers and tears might stop the Almighty's hand,
Protecting angels to a guilty land,
From earth's vain hopes and base ambition free,
Whose slighted but effectual piety
Stood like a mound unshaken, to repress
The o'erbearing floods of prosperous wickedness;
The christian faith had left *Britania's* coast,
Her lamp extinguished, and her gospel lost:
Our eyes ere this had seen religion fall,
And black apostacy had deluged all;
Nor more remains of truth had flourished here,
Than where poor *Asia's* ruins scarce appear,

And Unitarian turks, their impious crescent rear.
O could the priest, by God and angels prized,
By fiends insulted, and by fools despised,
His fight well fought, when summoned hence to go,
Not then regardless of his charge below,
Though sudden snatched from our desiring eyes,
Bequeath his mantle, as he mounts the skies !

O may his friends at the last dreadful day,
When all the frail creation fades away,
When God incarnate fills the judgment throne,
Crowned with his Father's radiance and his own,
Arise with gladness, bliss ordained to share,
And I transported meet a father there !
See him lead up his flock, with happy boast,
" These sheep thou gavest me, and not one is lost."
Exulting hear the final verdict given,
" Enter, thou faithful servant, to my heaven."
Glory, which here though faith may well believe,
No speech can utter, and no thought conceive;
When weary time his utmost race has run,
Glory through endless ages but begun,
Beyond the glimmering spark of our meridian sun.



On Happiness.

I.

WHAT art thou, happiness, or where ?
In mirth, or wisdom of the mind ?
In hermit's peace, or hero's war ?
To cots, or palaces confined ?
In friendship's breast, or beauty's eye ?
In madness, or in piety ?

II.

Did peace in rural shades abide,
Were groves and fields the seat of rest,
The conqueror punished for his pride,
Thrown from a monarch to a beast,
Had found, when grazing in the field,
The bliss his palace could not yield.

III.

Whose mind with loneliness can suit,
Who makes in caves his dark abode,
Is unreflecting as a brute,
Or self-sufficient as a God.
But care no desert can exclude,
We haunt ourselves in solitude.

IV.

Mischance can reach the high enthroned,
Nor power, nor fame, can fill the thought;
This weeping Alexander owned,
And falling mighty Julius taught:
And who than Julius hopes to rise
More brave, or generous, or wise?

V.

Transported if our spirits grow,
Obeying wine or music's call,
The higher at their rise they flow,
The lower at their ebb they fall:
And finest wit affords delight
As short as lightning, though as bright.

VI.

With knowledge sorrows will increase,
If Solomon himself we hear:
And who would grasp at hopes like these,
And length of toil and watching bear,
Merely by length of toil to gain
A farther usury of pain?

VII.

But friendship, that can fate disarm,
Exerts in life a power divine;

Yet often impotent to warm,
The meteor can no more than shine :
And noblest friends sometimes we find
Are cold, uneasy, or unkind.

VIII.


Love, when mutual passions rise,
Sweetest happiness below ;
See, the pleasing vision flies,
See, the end of joy is woe !
Either cloyed, or else but tasting ;
'Tis not great, or 'tis not lasting.

IX.

Suppose no boding inward stings,
Repentant sighs, or guilty tears ;
Or jealousy, that frequent brings
Himself the mischief that he fears :
Or falsehood, or fantastic jar,
Or fainting, swooning of despair.

X.

The madman, merry monarch, raves,
While pleasing frenzy sooths his brain ;
He wars and revolutions braves,
Of fear insensible and pain ;
Yet friends the lunatic bemoan,
Cursed in misfortunes not his own.



XI.

Where piety, celestial born,
Her genuine influence bestows,
Unpointed is the sharpest thorn,
And brightened is the fairest rose.
She care from greatness can exclude,
And gild the gloom of solitude.

XII.

Every loss she turns to gain,
Joys unclogged with guilt assuring,
Pleasures void of after pain,
Love well grounded and enduring.
Knowledge blest, presenting still
Truth to wit, and good to ill.

XIII.

Lo ! the friend a brother makes !
Heightened love disdains to fly !
Every bliss the present lacks
Heaven hereafter will supply !
Never cloyed, though more than tasting,
Ever great, and ever lasting.

A Letter to the Rev. Charles Wesley:

THOUGH neither are o'erstocked with precious time,
 If I can write it, you may read my rhyme :
 And find an hour to answer, I suppose,
 In verse harmonious, or in humble prose,
 What I when late at Oxford could not say,
 My friends so numerous, and so short my stay.

Say, does your christian purpose still proceed
 To assist in every shape the wretches need ?
 To see the prisoner from his anxious jail,
 When friends forsake him, and relations fail ?
 Or yet with nobler charity conspire,
 To snatch the guilty from eternal fire ?
 Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,
 Without preciseness, singularly good ?
 Safe march they on 'twixt dangerous extremes
 Of mad profaneness and enthusiast dreams ?
 Constant in prayer, while God approves their pains,
 His Spirit cheers them, and his blood sustains !
 Unmoved by pride or anger, can they bear
 The foolish laughter, or the envious sneer ?

No wonder wicked men blaspheme their care,
The devil always dreads offensive war.
Where heavenly zeal the sons of night pursues,
Likely to gain, and certain not to lose.
The sleeping conscience wakes by dangers near,
And pours the light in they so greatly fear.
But hold, perhaps this dry religious toil
May damp the genius, and the scholar spoil !
Perhaps facetious foes to meddling fools
Shine in the class, and sparkle in the schools.
Your arts excel, your eloquence outgo,
And soar like Virgil, or like Tully flow !
Have brightest turns and deepest learning shown,
And proved your wit mistaken by their own !
If not—the wights should moderately rail,
Whose total merit summed from fair detail,
To sauntering, sleep, and smoke, and wine, and ale !
How contraries may meet without design !
And pretty gentlemen with bigots join !
One or two questions more before I end ;
That much concerns a brother and a friend.
Does John seem bent beyond his strength to go,
To his frail carcase literally foe ?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time to ensure eternity ?
Does M——n weakly think his time mispent ?
Of his best actions can he now repent ?

Others their sins with reason just deplore,
The guilt remaining when the pleasure's o'er:
Shall he for virtue first himself upbraid?
Since the foundations of the world were laid?
Shall he (what most men to their guilt deny)
Show pain for alms, remorse for piety?
Can he the sacred eucharist decline?
What Clement poisons here the bread and wine?
Or does his sad disease possess him whole;
And taint alike his body and his soul?
If to renounce his graces he decree?
Oh that he could transfer the flock to me!
Alas! enough what mortal e'er can do
For him that made him and redeemed him too?
Zeal may to men beyond desert be showed;
No supererogation stands to God.
Does earth grow fairer to his parting eye?
Is heaven less lovely as it seems more nigh,
Oh wondrous preparation this—to die!



The Prisons Opened.

LET arms and warriors other poets fire,
 Or love's sweet anguish tune the softer lyre;
 I sing of prisoners freed, and guilt pursued
 With generous ardour by the great and good.
 O Thou from whom that generous ardour came,
 (A heat far nobler than poetic flame,)
 Father of goodness ! hear, and teach my lays
 That best, that darling attribute to praise ;
 Make listening crowds detest tyrannic wrong,
 And learn the love of mercy from my song ;
 Make patriots' fame with fairest lustre shine,
 And raise their glory, by exalting Thine.

What various paths unhappy mortals tread,
 Which down to dungeons, and to tortures lead !
 In goal a few secure their ill-got store,
 By vices many fall, by folly more.
 The flattered heir in short-lived pomp behold,
 How flushed with youth, and wine, and love, and gold !
 All arts, all baits, unnumbered tempters try,
 Friendship's endearing form, and beauty's eye.

Manors are lost, though petty stakes are won,
And gartered sharpers urge his ruin on.
By pity some, a glorious fault, have failed,
A friend supported, or a father bailed :
Some perish void of error and offence,
Cast headlong by resistless providence :
Orphans, who frauds of guardians cannot shun,
Clients by legal labyrinths undone :
The trader strictly just, yet overthrown
By others' crimes, and losses not his own.
Nor more redress the breaking merchant finds
From Spanish seizures, than from adverse winds.
Lo ! countless swarms the dire abode receives,
Thick as in Autumn drop the sapless leaves,
Whom state deceit, and South sea plunder drained,
Which like a general deluge swept the land :
Whom public faith could no protection lend,
Seeming, and only seeming, to defend.
When wretches, stripped of fortune's gifts, repair
To the dark dome of temporal despair,
Fast by the prison gates with sleepless eyes
Sits griping never-fated Avarice ;
To him the admitted fine for being poor,
And ope with gold the inhospitable door ;
Compelled, since laws and goalers so ordain,
To pay for misery, and to bribe for pain :

To gain the asylum of the Fleet they strive,
The privilege to be entombed alive.
So as the Pagan fabling poets tell,
Was Charon fee'd for wafting souls to hell :
To pass the lake thick-thronging ghosts desire,
To torments most condemned, and penal fire ;
As if Alecto's snakes they longed to feel,
Or Tityus' vulture, or Ixion's wheel.
The jail, (sad emblem of flagitious times,
Revengeing virtues, and rewarding crimes,)
Sees only villains thrive, by ruin great,
Who owe to guilt the splendour of their state ;
Who placed by fraud and wealth from justice free,
In ease or pomp enjoy captivity ;
Who sure escape by massy gold can force,
While wardens share the wealth of creditors.
Or those who basely join to afflict the good,
Comrades of theft, and instruments of blood ;
Whose well-feigned worth the merchant's trust deceives,
And stocks with monthly spoils the den of thieves :
Who, as superiors dictate, witness bear,
To riot, murder, nay to treason swear ;
Who aid to worst barbarities afford,
Relentless hell-hounds worthy of their lord ;
Who drink to burning fever's thirst deny,
And see the famished swoon with stony eye ;

Permit not prisoners even on alms to feed,
But snatch from starving mouths the scanty bread.
These, these alone, from H——s met regard,
And these the favours of a B——e shared ;
While wrath avoidless fell on all beside,
With utmost fury of despotic pride.
So famed Procrustes old, (if bards may dare
A less with greater tyrants to compare,)
Offers his formidable bed to all,
And racks the dwarfish guest, and lops the tall :
Those only from the couch unhurt arise,
Whose stature answers to the robber's size.

The Fleet's stern king, circled with guards like these,
Each helpless subject robs, and strips, and fleas ;
Incarnate fiends for torturing shackles call,
Except the captive yields them more than all :
In prison within prison staked he lies,
And keepers under keepers tyrannize :
With weighty fetters galled the sufferers groan,
Or close-screwed rivets crack the solid bone ;
Their only bed dank earth unpaved and bare,
Their only covering is the chains they wear :
Debarred from cheerful morn, and human sight,
In lonely, restless, and enduring night :
The strongest health unsinewed by disease,
And famine wasting life by slow degrees :

Piece-meal alive they rot, long doomed to bear
The pestilential, foul, imprisoned air;
Unless the friendly fumes on reason prey,
And kind distraction take their sense away.
But each black view of horrible restraint,
What verse can number, and what pencil paint?
Dire scenes! which H——s and his B——e know,
Where ghastly spectres utter tales of woe!
As if the prisoners were condemned to dwell
With pains, with darkness, and with fiends of hell.
No smallest glimpse of distant hope they see,
Oh! lowest depth of human misery!
When wished-for death's approach shews quiet nigh,
The soul just fluttering is forbid to fly:
Then seeming kind, the curst tormentors strive
To keep departing anguish still alive.
So when the long robed murderers of Rome,
Inquisitors, a wretch to tortures doom,
They heal the limbs, which can no more endure,
Less cruel when they rack, than when they cure;
That nature spent, recruits of strength may gain
For fresh distortion, and repeated pain.
When wild despair, impatient of its woes,
By fond self-murder would suborn repose;
A life destroyed unmoved the keeper sees,
And only mourns his loss of bribes and fees.

Here, though his barbarous rigours find an end,
Farther will powerful avarice extend ;
Like the grand turk, he pleases to declare
Himself, of all that die, the general heir:
What every vassal leaves, he speaks his own,
But yields no portion to the wife or son.
No plaints can reach the courts, or timely art
Prevents their sinking to the hearer's heart.
Had not a Price in spotless glory shined
Our justice had been deaf as well as blind :
No laws, no privilege redress could give,
Nor subjects' right, nor king's prerogative ;
Not acts of grace, till heaven's appointed hour
To dart just vengeance on tyrannic power :
Not God's vicegerents broke the iron chain,
Even Anne herself was merciful in vain ;
Not sovereign smiles the prison gates unfold,
Without large tributes of extorted gold.
So Purgatory's realm the Pope obeys,
The founder he, and warden of the place !
There souls are feigned fierce flames to undergo,
Intense, as everlasting burnings glow ;
Though Christ had cleared their guilt, they long remain
Pardoned and prisoners to infernal pain ;
No charitable pontiff turns the keys,
Till priestly jailers have secured their fees.

Is ours the land where peace and freedom smile !

What wrathful influence curst our age and isle,

Monsters of boundless avarice to see,

Unblushing fraud, unsated cruelty !

Here B——e breathes as yet the vital air !

Here partial great ones conscious H——s spare !

Yet, Britain, cease thy captives' woes to mourn,

To break their chains, see Oglethorpe was born !

Vernon, whose steady truth no threats can bend !

And Hughes, the sailor's never failing friend !

Towers, whose rich youth can ease and pleasure fly,

And Percival, renowned for piety !

Cornwall, to aid the friendless never slow,

Whose generous breast still melts at others' woe !

These dare the tyrants long secure oppose ;

Thus gracious heaven its benefits bestows,

The antidote is found there where the poison grows.

These, and the rest for ardent goodness famed,

Unnamed, though greatly worthy to be named,

Who seek to merit praise, but not receive ;

(May those I name as easily forgive !)

Who fear not to relieve the afflicted, rise

Girt with false friends, and real enemies.

Numbers at first with scorn their fervour view,

And smile in secret at the active few,

Faint-hearted or designing murmurs sound,

And whisper 'tis impossible around :

And craft, by public clamours overborne,
When tides of justice grew too strong to turn,
Boasted its aim by specious vain pretence
To' elude their strength, and mock their diligence.
Short boast ! all dangers to their courage bow,
And where appears the vaunted cunning now ?
So was Alcides sent to dangerous war,
(If false with real labour we compare,)
The dreaded youth that monsters might devour.
Thus sly Eurystheus used his fatal power;
But saw with conquest crowned the gallant boy,
And raised the fame he purposed to destroy.

The glorious few, by bounteous heaven ordained
To loose the fetters of a nation chained,
Urge their appointed toil with utmost speed,
Almost proportioned to the wretches need :
No bye-design retards the destined race,
They plead no stated business of a place ;
No thoughts of meaner ends their souls detain
Of soothing pleasure or of sordid gain :
Soon as the Fleet receives each welcome guest.
Joy long forgotten cheers the faintest breast ;
Pain at their presence stops the rising sigh,
And languid famine opes her hollow eye ;
Horror flies thence, they once appearing there,
And the worst torment of the jail, despair.

So at the Almighty's nod with rapid wings,
Forth from the throne a guardian angel springs,
Through space immense, quick as the morning ray,
To succour earth distressed he speeds away,
Bids Peter rise, from bonds and keepers free,
And looks the prisoner into liberty.

Feared, honoured, loved, long may the patriots stand,
Support and honour of their native land !
Warm without rage, without vain glory brave,
Firm to protect, and obstinate to save !
Whom no false scents deceive, no searchers tire ;
Resistless to revenge, as to enquire !
He, who for injured right dares strongly plead,
The prisoners' council, earnest though unfeed ;
To guard the weak, who scorns the mighty's frown,
Despising no man's danger but his own ;
In camps his courage as in senates tried,
Daunts with severe rebuff the sons of pride.
Oh that his soul with healthier limbs were joined,
A body less unequal to his mind !
He, who to H——n's, crimes eternal foe,
When wavering numbers would connivance show,
Shall ill-got wealth secure the robber ? cried ;
And singly steadfast, turned the rapid tide :
Till impudence itself ashamed gave way,
And bribery yielded, blushing to gainsay.

The man, who wisely studious not to lose
His heaven, the only interest he pursues,
Points to his offspring the celestial way ;
Who hundreds feasted on that happy day,
Which saw from conquered death the Saviour rise ;
Alms given for Christ, accepted sacrifice !
The man who toiled, the vicious poor to' amend,
Foe to intemperance, as to need a friend ;
To punish starving sots, our nation's shame,
And snatch the firebrands from the liquid flame ;
To save them from the snare of low estate,
And raise their minds, but not intoxicate :
The youth, whose dexterous and impartial skill,
As diligent in good, as knaves in ill,
Unfolds the knotty mazes of the laws,
And strictly faithful to the righteous cause,
Baffles each quirk, each subterfuge of wrong,
Of lawyers double heart and double tongue.
And he, who, cautious lest designed delay
For guilt's escape should yield an easy way,
Obtained Augusta's civil powers' decree
That law for once might side with equity ;
Full space for just accusing might allow,
Nor teacher H——s leave his scholar now.
And others, though unmentioned, not unknown,
Who justly glory in their conduct shown ;

Who stand each shock, each stratagem defeat,
Superior to the bribe and to the threat;
And H——s half his thousands well might spare,
Could half his thousands make a coward there.

Yet noblest acts as fury some esteem,
For what so good but Satan can blaspheme ?
'Tis fury all, to dry the captive's tears,
To heal his sickness, and prevent his fears :
Fury ! for orphans' diligence to' employ,
And make the mournful widow weep for joy :
Fury ! the wrongs past sufferance to redress,
While crowds transported their deliverer bless :
Fury ! the poor and friendless to regard,
Without mean prospect of a base reward ;
Life, freedom, health, and gladness to bestow,
The only fury statesmen ever know.

When villains first beheld the tempest lower,
They sneered and trusted to the screen of power ;
Numbers to avoid the dire example bent,
Lest righteous vengeance grow to precedent ;
And gifts, which fiercest anger oft appease,
And secret friends, and secret services.
No pangs of conscience struck the hardened mind,
To God's right-hand and heavenly justice blind.
But when their boasted engines nought availed,
And gold itself, opposed by virtue, failed ;

Sudden, alas ! their groundless quiet flies,
Unusual doubts, and fatal bodings rise,
Lest wrath divine might flagrant guilt pursue,
And who suborn false witness die by true.
Conscious of ill-used power and public hate,
Then other tyrants feared approaching fate ;
An universal groan the prisons gave,
And Newgate trembled through her inmost cave,
Lest farther searches farther crimes reveal,
Which arts infernal labour to conceal ;
Lest pity's eye those regions should explore,
Where beams of mercy never reached before ;
Unwelcome light on darkest dungeons throw,
And every latent depth of horror show.
So, as inventive Homer's fiction taught,
Earth-shaking Neptune for the Grecians fought ;
The solid ground quaked to the centre down,
The king of shades leaped frightened from his throne,
Lest Earth should cleave, and hell appear in light,
Displayed to mortal and immortal sight :
Drear dreadful realms ruled by a tyrant lord,
By men detested, and by heaven abhorred !

Here real power divine in pleasure shows,
And God's right-hand what mortal can oppose !
Or awed by mercy issuing from the throne,
Or borne by popular compassion down,

The wordy fool, renowned for flourish long,
Suspends the' unmeaning torrent of his tongue ;
The friend to knavery play a public part,
His head o'er-bearing his corrupted heart ;
Compelled his daring interest to discard,
And speed the motion he would fain retard :
The self-admiring politician joins,
Spite of his open mocks and secret mines,
Forced though reluctant, to dissemble good,
And share the action he in vain withstood.
So, when from heaven increased by sudden showers
The stream swift-rolling down the mountain pours,
A tree's declining trunk, which years divide
Half from its rooted strength, obstructs the tide,
The rapid course unable long to bar,
Or stem the violence of the watery war,
It yields, by mother earth sustained no more,
And swells the torrent which it stopped before.

Proceed, disinterested few, proceed ;
Heal every wound, and succour every need :
Let all Britannia's misery be redrest,
Cite every tyrant to the righteous test ;
The test which innocence may never fear,
Candid though strict, impartial though severe.
No artful guesses there to proofs advance,
Helped by dark, dubious, distant circumstance :

Nor bribes, nor threats, nor hinting prompters there
Inform the wavering witness how to swear.
Go on ! let none your ardent zeal withstand,
And shower diffusive mercies through the land ;
That heaven by you may bless our happy isle,
And e'en the tradesman and the merchant smile ;
While crowds unchained your fame with shouts declare,
Restored to vital light and vital air.
So sudden this deliverance which they meet,
Their grief so hopeless, and their joy so great,
Scarce to the change they yet can credit give,
Scarce are they yet persuaded that they live !
So when the Archangel gives the fated sign,
(If human joys we liken to divine)
The summons universal Nature hears,
Nor plead prescription of six thousand years ;
Not everlasting hills their dead retain,
Not deep abysses of the unfathomed main ;
The sleeping saints look up with joyful eyes,
And quickening at the sacred trump, arise ;
Their pains all passed, their transport to succeed,
Immortal lives in endless bloom they lead,
From death's tyrannic chain, and earth's dark prison freed.



An Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq.

OF FOMMON CASTLE, IN GLAMORGANSHIRE.

AND is he gone to his eternal rest !
 So suddenly received among the blest ?
 Yet will I make his fair memorial stay,
 Bring back his virtue into open day,
 The sinner, convert, friend, and dying saint display.

Soon as the morn of opening life begun,
 His simpleness pursued a God unknown ;
 Giver of life, the all-alluring dove,
 Did on his soul with early influence move,
 Brooding he sat ; infused the young desire,
 Kindled the ray of pure ethereal fire,
 And bad him to his native heaven aspire.

But soon the morning vapour passed away,
 His goodness melted at the blaze of day ;
 By pleasures charmed he leaped the sacred fence,
 The youth outlived his childish innocence ;
 Plunged in a world of fashionable vice,
 And left his God, and lost his paradise.

Dead while he lived, in sin and pleasure dead,
Long o'er the world's wide wilderness he strayed,
Eager imagined pleasures to pursue,
Tired with the old, yet panting after new,
He hurried down the broad frequented road,
Unconscious in the shade of death abode,
Forgot, but never dared to scorn, his God.

Ah ! what availed him then the gentle mind,
By schools instructed, and by courts refined !
The winning mien, the affable address,
And all his nature, all his art to please !
In vain he shone with various gifts endowed,
Friend to the world, and enemy to God ;
In vain he stooped in trifles to excel,
(Gay withering flowers that strew the road to hell !)
Generous, alas ! in vain, and just, and brave,
While awed by man, and to himself a slave ;
A steward to his fellow-servants just,
But still he falsified his Master's trust ;
To them their several dues exact to' afford,
Their own he rendered them, but robbed his Lord,
O'erlooked the great concern, the better part,
Lived to himself, and gave the world his heart.

Who then the gracious wonder shall explain,
How could a man of sin be born again ?
Roused from his sleep of death, he never knew
To fix the point from whence the Spirit blew,

So imperceptibly the stroke was given,
The stroke divine that turned his face to heaven.
The Saviour-God by tender pity moved,
Observed his wandering sheep, and freely loved ;
Him blind and lost with gracious eye surveyed,
And gently led him to the secret shade ;
Led him a way that nature never knew,
And from the busy, careless crowd withdrew,
To serious solitude his heart inclined,
Tired with the noise and follies of mankind,
Impatiently resolved to cast the world behind.

The power unseen which bade his wandering cease,
Followed, and found him in the wilderness ;
Gave him the hearing ear, and seeing eye,
And pointed to the blood of sprinkling nigh,
(That blood divine which makes the conscience clean ;
That fountain opened for a world of sin,)
Called him to hear the Name to sinners given,
The only saving Name in earth or heaven.

So when the first degenerated man
Far in the woods from his Creator ran,
Mercy pursued, his fugitive to seize,
And stopped his trembling flight among the trees ;
Where art thou, man ? he heard his Maker say,
Calm walking in the cool decline of day :
Aghast he heard ; came forth with guilty fear,
And found the Bruiser of the serpent near,

Received the promise of his sin forgiven,
And for an Eden lost an antepast of Heaven.

Hail Mary's Son! Thy mercies never end,
Thy mercies reached, and saved my happy friend!
He felt the all-atoning blood by faith applied,
And freely was the sinner justified;
Saved by a miracle of grace divine—
And O! my God, the ministry was mine!
I spake through Thee the reconciling word,
Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord:
He heard impartial: for himself he heard;
And weighed the' important truth with deep regard:
The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,
He searched with noble readiness of mind,
Listened, and yielded to the gospel call,
And glorified the Lamb that died for all;
Gladly confessed our welcome tidings true,
And waited for a power he never knew,
The seal of all his sins through Christ forgiven,
With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

The Lord he sought allowed his creature's claim,
And sudden to his living temple came;
The Spirit of love, (which, like a rushing wind,
Blows as he lists, but blows on all mankind,)
Breathed on his raptured soul: the sinking clay
O'erwhelmed beneath the mighty comfort lay;

While all-dissolved the powers of nature fail,
Entered his favoured soul within the vail,
The inner court with sacred reverence trod,
And saw the' invisible, and talked with God.

Constrained by ecstasies too strong to bear,
His soul was all poured out in praise and prayer;
He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,
While Jesus made the' Eternal Godhead known,
Received the living faith by grace bestowed,
"And verily," he cried, "there is a God,
I know, I feel the word of truth divine,
Lord, I believe thou art—for thou art mine!"

So when the woman did of Jesus tell,
The God of Jacob found at Jacob's well,
Eager the common benefit to' impart,
"Come, see a man that told me all my heart;"
The men of Sychar came, received her word,
But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord;
"Now we believe," they cried, "but not through thee,
Our ears have heard the incarnate Deity,
The glorious truth assuredly we find,
This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of mankind!"

Thrice happy soul, whom Jesus gave to know
Eternal life, while sojourning below!
Thou did'st the gift unspeakable receive,
And humbly in the Spirit walk and live;

Thou did'st the hidden life divine express,
And evidence the power of godliness;
Thou did'st with all thy soul to Jesus turn,
His gospel-truth with all thy life adorn,
Thy goods, thy fame, thine all to Jesus give,
Sober and righteous here, and godly live;
With utmost diligence his gifts improve,
And labour to be perfected in love.

His word subdued at once the carnal will,
The sea subsided, and the sun stood still:
No more in thee the waves of passion roll,
Or violate thy calm unruffled soul:
The leopard fierce is with the kid laid down,
The gentle child-like spirit leads thee on;
Intent on God thy single heart and eye,
And Abba Father, now is all the cry!
Yes, thou hast chosen now the better part,
And God alone hath all thy simple heart.

Wholly devoted now to God alone,
Thou mourn'st the days for ever lost and gone,
Gay youthful days of vanity and vice
Thou see'st confounded—vile in thy own eyes;
Pardoned, yet still persisting to lament
Thy fortune, time, and talents all mispent;
A sinner self-condemned, and self-aborred,
But wondering at the goodness of thy Lord;

He saw thee in thy blood, and bade thee live;
Yet still thyself thou never could'st forgive.

Resolved each precious moment to redeem,
To serve thy God, and only live to Him,
Through all at once thy constant virtue broke,
Cast off the world, and sin, and Satan's yoke,
The steadfast purpose of thy soul avowed,
Confessed the Christian, and declared for God.

O what a change was there! the man of birth
Sinks down into a clod of common earth:
The man of polished sense his judgment quits,
And tamely to a madman's name submits:
The man of curious taste neglects his food,
And all is pleasant now, and all is good;
The man of rigid honour slights his fame,
And glories in his Lord and Master's shame;
The man of wealth and pleasure all foregoes,
And nothing but the cross of Jesus knows;
The man of sin is washed in Jesu's blood,
The man of sin becomes a child of God!

Throughout his life the new creation shines,
Throughout his words, and actions, and designs:
Quickened with Christ he sought the things above,
And evidenced the faith which works by love,
Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,
O'ercomes the world, and purifies the heart.

Not as uncertainly the race he ran,
He fought the fight, nor spent his strength in vain ;
Foes to the cross, themselves let others spare,
At random run, and wildly beat the air,
As bondage each divine command disclaim ;
A truer follower of the bleeding Lamb
He bore the burthen of his Lord, and died
A daily death with Jesus crucified.
He cheerfully took up his Master's yoke,
Nor e'er the sacred ordinance forsook,
Nor dared to cast the hallowed cross away,
Or plead his liberty to disobey :
Under the law to Christ, he laboured still
To do, and suffer all his Father's will :
Herein his glorious liberty was shewn,
Free to deny himself, and live to God alone !

In fastings oft the hardy soldier was ;
Patient and meek, he grew beneath the cross ;
He kept his body down, by grace subdued,
The servant to his soul, and both to God ;
No delicate disciple he, to shun
The cross, and say, " My Saviour all hath done !"
No carnal Esau to despise his right,
And damn his soul to please his appetite ;
Suffice the season past, that dead to God
He glided down the easy spacious road ;

A willing alien from the life divine
Lived to himself, and fed on husks with swine ;
The times of ignorance and sin are past,
The son obeys the Father's voice at last,
All heaven congratulates his late return,
Angels and God rejoice, and men and devils mourn.

Mourn the good-natured, soft, voluptuous crowd,
Whose shame their boast, whose belly is their God,
Who eat, and drink, and then rise up to play,
And dance and sing their worthless lives away ;
Harmless, of gentle birth, and bred so well—
They here sleep out their time,—and wake in hell.

These thoughtless souls his happy change deplored,
And cursed the men that called him to his Lord ;
(The troubles of a quiet neighbourhood,
The cruel enemies to flesh and blood,
Who vex the world, and turn it upside down,
And make the peer as humble as the clown.)
His bleeding Lord engrossed his whole esteem,
Where Jesus dwells, there is no room for them :
His house no more the scene of soft excess,
Of courtly pleasure, and luxurious ease :
No longer doth their friend like Dives fare,
No drunken hospitality is there,
No revellings that turn the night to day,
(Harmless diversions—from the narrow way !)

No midnight dance profaned the hallowed place,
No voice was heard, but that of prayer and praise.

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,
He passed the rich, and called a nobler guest;
He called the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind,
He called in these the Saviour of mankind;
His friends and kinsmen these for Jesu's sake,
Who no voluptuous recompense could make,
But God the glorious recompense hath given,
And called him to the marriage-feast in heaven.

Ye men that live in riotous excess,
And loosely take your pleasurable ease,
Rich to yourselves; the bright example view
Of one, who once forgot his God like you,
But wisely grieved for sins and follies past,
Sprang from the world, and won the race at last.
How did his soul for you in secret mourn,
And long, and pray, and weep for your return!
How did he supplicate the throne above,
That you, even you, might taste the Saviour's love,
Might listen to the truth, your vileness own,
Pursue the way of peace ye have not known,
Renounce the world, and live to God alone.
O might the scales fall from your blinded eyes;
O that some prodigal would now arise;
Accept the pardoning grace through Jesus given,
And turn, and gladden all the host of heaven!

Sinners, regard your friend who speaks, though dead ;
In his, as he in Jesu's, footsteps tread :
After the Lamb he still rejoiced to go,—
He lived a guardian angel here below ;
A father of the poor, he gave them food,
And fed their souls, and laboured for their good ;
The little church in Jesus who believed,
Into his house, his arms, his heart received :
With these he humbly searched the written word,
Talking with these, he communed with their Lord ;
Studied the sacred leaves, by day and night,
His faithful counsellor, and sole delight.
He made them all his own with happy art,
And practice copied them into his heart :
Still in the steps of Abraham's faith he trod ;
He and his house would only serve their God.

The worth domestic let his comfort tell
Of one who loved so wisely and so well ;
Who helped her all for Jesus to forego,
And cherished her as Christ his church below ;
Explained the glorious mystery divine,
How God and man may in one spirit join ;
How man the joys of heaven on earth may prove ;
The sacred dignity of nuptial love,
Clearly in him the sameness all might see
Of nuptial love and spotless purity.

Nor less the exemplary father shone :
Freely to God he rendered back his own ;
Devoted all to him,—his children, wife,
Goods, fame, and friends, and liberty, and life.
He taught his children in their earliest days
To love their God, and lisp their Saviour's praise.
No modern parent he, their souls to sell,
In sloth and pride to train them up for hell ;
To infuse the stately thought of rank and birth,
And swell the base-born potsherds of the earth,
The lust of praise, and wealth, and power to' inspire ;
To raise their spirit, and their torment higher,
And make them pass to Moloch through the fire.

Watchful the heavenly wisdom to instil,
He gently bent their soft unbiased will ;
Wooed them to seek in God their happiness ;
Loving, yet wise, and fond without excess ;
Simple like them, and innocent, and mild :
The father is himself a little child.
He saw himself by his great Maker seen,
And walked with God while sojourning with men ;
His filial awe, and whole deportment showed
He saw the' Invisible, and walked with God :
Trembled his soul at the minutest fault,
And felt the torture of an idle thought.
Still he beheld the presence of his Lord,
In all events the hand divine adored,

In smallest trivial things his watchful eye
Designs of heavenly wisdom could descry ;
Nothing he deemed beneath his guardian care
In whom we always live, and move, and are,
Who screens our naked head, and numbers every hair.

Such was the man by men and fiends abhorred !
A true disciple of his much-loved Lord ;
A valiant soldier in his Captain's cause ;
A cheerful sharer of his Saviour's cross,
A faithful follower of the bleeding Lamb,
A glad partaker of His glorious shame,
A confessor and witness for his God,
Against the world the intrepid champion stood ;
Bold in the faith his Master to confess,
He dared the world of Jesu's enemies,
Satan and all his powers at once defied ;
Who feared his God could nothing fear beside.

Against the storm he turned his steady face,
And calmly triumphed, and enjoyed disgrace ;
A gazing-stock to the lewd, godless throng,
The fool's derision, and the drunkard's song.
Yet neither smiles nor frowns his soul could shake,
Or move the madman for his Master's sake ;
Though Pharisees and Sadducees combined,
And all his friends, and all his kinsmen joined
To scoff the man who meanly feared his God ;

He knew not to confer with flesh and blood,
But cheerfully took up, nor ever felt the load:
Harder than flint or adamant his brow,
Unruffled then, and unconcerned as now,
On all their vain contempt he still looked down,
From faith to faith, from strength to strength went on,
And bore the cross that led him to the crown;
The scandal of his Lord with joy he bore,
And still the more despised, superior rose the more.

"Twas thus the royal saint, by God approved,
His Master owned, and honoured whom he loved,
Stript of his robes, and in his handmaid's sight,
He danced before the ark with all his might;
He danced, unawed by Michael's scornful eye,
And calm returned the resolute reply,
"To serve my God, to do my Maker's will;
If this be vile, I will be viler still."

The horrid crew that dare their Lord deny,
Bold to dethrone the filial Deity,
Where JONES appeared, their blasphemies forbore,
And silently confessed him conqueror.
Nor less resolved 'gainst those the champion stood
Who scorn the purchase of their Saviour's blood,
Deny the spirit now to sinners given,
The life begun on earth that ends in heaven.
With deep concern and bleeding heart he viewed
The general dire apostacy from God;

He heard the rod divine, with sacred fear,
And trembling foresight of destruction near;
Longed that we all might see the out-stretched hand,
The sword impending o'er a guilty land;
Might timely all remember whence we fell,
Return with contrite heart and earnest zeal,
Confess the faith which God vouchsafes to' approve,
Before his wrath our candlestick remove,
Do the first works, and feel the former love.

He marked the city of our God laid low,
And wept in deep distress for Zion's woe:
It pitied him to see her in the dust,
Her lamp extinguished and her gospel lost;
Lost to the rich, and great, and wise, and good,
Poor guilty enemies to Jesu's blood,
Who quench the last faint spark of piety,
Yet cry, "the temple of the Lord are we!"
Pleaders for orders they who all confound,
Pillars who bear our Zion to the ground,
Her doctrines and her purity disclaim,
Our church's ruin, and our nation's shame;
Leaders who turn the lame out of the way;
Shepherds, who watch to make the sheep their prey;
Preachers, who dare their own report deny;
Patrons of Arian or Socinian lie,
Who scoff the gospel truths as idle tales,
Heathenish priests, and mitred infidels!

Nor did he let his censure wildly fall,
Or for the sake of some, reproach them all :
He knew with wiser judgment to revere,
And vindicate the sacred character ;
The sacred character remained the same,
Untouched, and unimpeached by private blame ;
Though Deists blind, and Sectaries agree
To brand the heaven-descended ministry ;
Nor God nor man the bold revilers spare,
To accuse the followers with their Lord they dare,
For Judas filled the apostolic chair.

This duteous son his piety retained,
Nor left his mother by her children stained,
Dishonoured by her base degenerate sons,
The pure and apostolic church he owns,
Her sacred truths in righteousness he held,
Her articles and creeds not yet repealed,
Her homilies replete with truth divine,
Where pure religion flows in every line :
Those heavenly truths while two or three maintained,
By them he vowed in life and death to stand :
By them in life and death he nobly stood,
Tenacious of the faith, and obstinately good.
He never left the ship by tempest tost—
Or say, she now is dashed against the coast,
To save a few he spent his pious pains,
Staid by the wreck, and gathered her remains.

My brother here, my friend indeed thou wert,
A man—a christian after mine own heart !
For this I envy thee, while others blame,
And strangers brand thee with a bigot's name ;
Glorious reproach ! if this be bigotry,
For ever let the charge be fixed on me ;
With pious Jones, and royal Charles may I
A martyr for the Church of England die !

Nor did his zeal for her his love restrain,
His love descending like the genial rain,
And shining like the sun, on every soul of man,
Free as its source, it flowed, and unconfined,
Embracing, and o'erwhelming all mankind ;
Nor sin, nor error could its course preclude,
It reached to all, the evil and the good,
His father's children all, and bought with Jesu's blood.

The men of narrow hearts, who dare restrain
The grace their Saviour did for all obtain,
(" Free, sovereign grace, who cry ! perversely free !)
For us, thou reprobate, but not for thee ;
Millions of souls the Lord of all passed by,
Who died for all, for them refused to die ;
To us, and none but us he had respect,
He died for the whole world—of—us elect.")
These wretched men of sin with grief he viewed,
He loved these strangers to his Saviour's blood,

A restless, carnal, bold, licentious crowd,
' Bitter, implacable, perverse, and proud,
Stubborn, stiff-necked, impatient of restraint,
A tribe of priests unholy and unsent,
Whose lives their arrogant conceit disprove;
Vain sinful boasters of electing love;
To evil sold, they will believe a lie,
And advocates for sin they live, and die.

Yet these, even these his pity knew to bear,
With all their long impertinence of prayer,
Their factious party zeal, their teaching pride,
Their fierce contempt of all mankind beside;
His love the mantle o'er their folly spread,
His candid love a just exception made,
O'erjoyed to see a few of heart sincere
As burning, and as shining lights appear,
To find a Whitefield and an Harris here!

True piety impartial to commend,
He dared to call a Calvinist his friend;
His love indifferent did to all abound,
He bowed to Jesu's name wherever found:
Some good he found in all, but grieved to see
The world combine, the brethren disagree:
Ah! Lord, regard in him thy Spirit's groan,
And haste to perfect all thy saints in one!

Divinely warned to meet the mortal hour,
And tread the path he never trod before,

Without surprise the sudden call he heard,
Always alike for life or death prepared ;
With calm delight the summons he received,
For well he knew in whom he had believed,
He knew himself with Christ for ever one,
(The Lamb that died for all his sins to' atone,)
And welcomed death whose only sting was gone :
The foe to nature, but a friend to grace,
The king of terrors with an angel-face !
He smiled as the swift messenger drew near,
With steadfast faith, and love that cast out fear,
Looked through the vale, and saw his Lord appear.

But O ! what words the mighty joy can paint,
Or reach the rapture of a dying saint !
See there ! a dying saint with smiling eyes
A spectacle to men and angels lies !
His soul from every spot of sin set free,
His ope is full of immortality :
To live was Christ to him, and death is gain ;
Resigned, triumphant in the mortal pain,
He lays his earthly tabernacle down
In confidence to grasp the starry crown ;
Saved to the utmost here by Jesu's grace,
" I here," he cries, " have seen his glorious face."

Nor even in death could he forget his own ;
Still the kind brother, and the pious son

Loved his own flesh, when ready to depart,
And lingering, bore them on his yearning heart :
His last desire, that they might take the prize ;
That they might follow him to paradise.
Witness the prayers in which with God he strove ;
Witness the labour of his dying love ;
The solemn lines he signed as with his blood,
That called and pointed to the atoning God.
O Saviour, give them to his dying prayer ;
Snatch them from earth, for heavenly joys prepare,
And let the son salute the mother there !

In sure and steadfast hope again to find
The dear-loved relatives he left behind ;
Children and wife he back to Jesus gave ;
His Lord, he knew, could to the utmost save :
Himself experienced now that utmost power,
And clapped his hands in death's triumphant hour,
" Rejoice, my friends," he cries, " rejoice with me,
Our dying Lord hath got the victory ;
He comes ! he comes ! this is my bridal day,
Follow with songs of joy the breathless clay,
And shout my soul escaped into eternal day ! "

A dying saint can true believers mourn ?
Joyful they see their friend to heaven return ;
His animating words their souls inspire,
And bear them upwards on his car of fire ;

His looks, when language fails, new life impart;
Heaven in his looks, and Jesus in his heart;
He feels the happiness that cannot fade,
With everlasting joy upon his head
Starts from the flesh, and gains his native skies;
Glory to God on high!—the christian dies!
Dies from the world, and quits his earthy clod,
Dies, and receives the crown by Christ bestowed,
Dies into all the life and plenitude of God!

O glorious victory of grace divine!
Jesu, the great redeeming work is thine;
Thy work revived, as in the ancient days,
We now with angels and archangels praise;
Thine hand unshortened in our sight appears,
With whom a day is as a thousand years;
We see and magnify thy mercy's power
That called the sinner at the' eleventh hour,
Cut short the work, and suddenly renewed,
Sprinkled and washed him in thy cleansing blood,
And filled in one short year with all the life of God.
Received on earth into thy people's rest,
He now is numbered with the glorious blest;
Called to the joys that saints and angels prove,
Triumphant with the first-born church above,
He rests within thy arms of everlasting love.

Ye fools that throng the smooth infernal road,
And scorn the wisdom of the sons of God,

Censure whom angels, saints, and God commend,
Madness account his life, and base his end ;
Tread on his ashes still, ye ruffians tread,
By venal lies defame the sacred dead ;
With Satan still your feeble malice shew,
The last poor efforts of a vanquished foe,
To' arraign a saint deceased profanely dare,
But look to meet him at the last great bar,
And horribly recant your hellish slanders there !

Or rather now, while lingering justice stays,
And God in Jesus grants a longer space,
Repent, repent ; a better path pursue,
Choose life, ye madmen, with the happy few,
The life your Saviour's death hath bought for you.
Why will you die, when God would have you live ;
Would all mankind abundantly forgive ?
Invites you all to choose the better part,
And ever cries, " My son, give me thy heart !"
He bids you in his servant's footsteps tread,
He calls you by the living, and the dead,
Awake, and burst the bands of nature's night,
Rise from your graves, and Christ shall give you light ;
While yet he may be found, to God draw nigh,
Heaven without price, and without money buy,
And as the righteous live, and as the righteous die.

A Wedding Song.

SEE the springing day from far,
 Ushered by the morning-star !
 Hear the lark with upward wing
 Meeting dawn, her carol sing !
 See the sun in Eastern skies
 Joyous as a bridegroom rise !
 Wake, my dear, and come away,
 Smiling, greet the happy day ;
 Ne'er was yet thy lovely breast
 Idly slow to my request ;
 Now begin not to delay,
 Dear, awake, and come away,
 Join thy plighted hand, and join
 First thine orisons with mine.

If e'er thy kind paternal care
 Joined and blessed the wedded pair
 With social dear domestic joys,
 Heightening lonely paradise ;

In spotless bonds ordained to be
Emblems of thy church and Thee;
If e'er thy mightier love decreed
Life from Jesu, woman's seed,
The loss of Eden to retrieve,
Sprung from Mary, second Eve!
If e'er thy word has endless rest
Shadowed by the nuptial feast;
Heaven, our last wish and farthest aim,
Mystic marriage of the Lamb!
Shower thine influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie!

Quit not thine Olympic snows,
Juno, guarding marriage vows:
Venus, sleep in Ida's grove,
Laughing sea-born queen of Love!
Cupid, banished hence away,
Idle Cupid with her stay;
Here nor Hymen shall preside,
Clasped in mantle saffron-dyed;
Wanton graces dance, nor hours
Scatter odours, leaves, and flowers,
Twist the blooming wreath, nor spread
Rose and myrtle where we tread:
All unfeigned and real be,
Truth, transcending poetry.

Ye virgins haste, my bride prepare,
Dress be now the dear-one's care ;
Well-suited, unaffected, free,
Worthy her, and worthy me ;
Nor poorly mean, nor costly vain,
Neat, and elegant, and plain.
Her ornaments are toys no more ;
Love's engaging chymic power,
Like Midas, fabled king of old,
Touches all things into gold.
The fair that unadorned can please,
Shines yet lovelier in her dress ;
Still wisely careful to remove
Slightest hindrances of love ;
For nought that love concerns is small,
All's important, solemn all.

Ope the hospitable gate,
Ope for friendship, not for state,
Friends well chosen enter here,
Equal, affable, sincere ;
Cheap bought plenty, artless store
Feed the rich, and fill the poor ;
Converse cheer the sprightly guest,
Cordial welcome crown the feast ;
Envy wit with candour fraught,
Laughter genuine and unsought ;

Jest from double meaning free,
Blameless, harmless jolity ;
Mirth, that no repenting gloom
Treasures for our years to come.

May social life, so well begun,
Glide with equal tenor on ;
May timely fruit our bliss improve,
Children, dearest bonds of love !
The darling boy, the daughter fair,
Objects of delightful care !
Rejoiced, while oft the babes we see
Sportive clasp their mother's knee ;
And oft from lisping prattle find
Reason opening in their mind ;
While soothing hopes our hearts presage
Pleasures of our middle age :
Till rightly taught, the rising brood,
Healthy, happy, wise, and good,
Fulfil our hopes, and pay our cares,
Glory of our hoary hairs !

Give, oh give our days to bless,
Virtue, source of happiness !
Prudence, stifling infant strife ;
Friendship, remedy of life ;

Trust, in mutual faith secure ;
Transport, generous and pure,
Sparkling from the soul within,
Never boasted, always seen ;
Kind, while each their care employs
Griefs to part, and double joys ;
Joys to libertines unknown,
Fruits of wedlock truth alone ;
Joys that angels may approve,
All the dignity of love !

When late the summons from above
Parts the life, but not the love ;
Resigned and calm may she or I
Teach survivors how to die !
Be free from sin's polluting stain,
Void of fear, and void of pain ;
For tedious years may neither moan,
Sad, deserted, and alone ;
May neither, long condemned to stay,
Wait their second bridal day,
Grant us, oh grant, Almighty power !
Soon to meet, and part no more,
In heaven, where love and joys are known
Only purer than our own !

On Humility.

'Tis not because I sprang from nought,
I bow with lowliness of thought;
All but the Trinity most High
Was nothing once as well as I.

'Tis not because I dwell in clay,
Subject to sickness and decay;
This flesh if rightly I control,
Is no pollution to my soul.

'Tis not because this body dead
Will worms and putrefaction breed;
'Tis well, as if from thence should come
The violet's and the rose's bloom.

No; I shall ne'er deject my heart
By thinking on my mortal part;
Though mean, though base, though vile it be,
'Twill put on immortality.

'Tis not because dependant here,
I poorly fill a narrow sphere :
To cast our destined lot aside,
Is not humility, but pride.

'Tis not because in life below
I little act, and little know ;
In knowledge and in power there's none
Unlimited, but God alone.

What ! in myself, then can I find
No cause for lowliness of mind ?
Ah, yes ! for sin what thought can bear !
'Tis there I sink ! 'tis wholly there !

An Ode to James Oglethorpe, * Esq.

ARISE, and soar, my towering soul,
 To flights of lofty Pindar's song,
 When scorning laws, his torrents roll
 Their dithyrambick tide along :
 No fall like Icarus, I fear,
 Who dared with artful pinions fly ;
 Me stronger nature shall upbear,
 Nor follower, but a rival, I.

 Though long extinct Apollo's rage,
 And lost is Aganippe's stream,
 Nature the same in every age,
 Still shines my unexhausted theme !
 Whether her favour deign to crown
 Some darling son with wit refined,
 Or wisdom shower, and virtue, down,
 Those glories of the human mind !

Note.—GEORGIA is the most southern of the United States of America. The settlement of a colony there was first proposed in 1732, for the accommodation of poor people in Great Britain and Ireland, by several humane and opulent men ; and King George II granted them letters patent, June 9, 1732, for legally carrying into execution their benevolent design ; and the place was called

Or else her pencil to prepare
For spring's returning scene,
To paint inimitably fair
The fields with living green :
Her gaudy bow aloft to spread,
When clouds their treasure pour ;
Or earth embroider, for our tread,
With beauties of the flower.

Wisely from smoke and noise removed,
Each morn you view, with ravished eye,
The country sweet, by poets loved,
Which fancy must to me supply.
On breezes vernal odours float,
The dew-drops glitter on the spray,
The feathered songsters swell their note,
And the sun smiles, and you are gay.

Georgia in honour of the British King. In November, 1732, one hundred and sixteen settlers embarked for that colony, under the superintendence of Mr. James Oglethorpe, who chose Savannah for the place of settlement, where he built a fort, &c. Three years afterwards Mr. Oglethorpe, having returned to England, re-embarked with five hundred and seventy adventurers, among whom were one hundred and thirty Highlanders, and one hundred and seventy Germans.

As there was an intimacy between Mr. Oglethorpe and the Wesley Family, he proposed to Rev. John Wesley to accompany as chaplain to the colony, and missionary to the Indians ; and he took the Rev. Charles Wesley as his secretary. It was in company with part of the above adventurers that the two brothers, with Mr. Oglethorpe, embarked on board the *Symmonds*, at Gravesend, October 14, 1735, and sailed for Georgia.

Senates, supreme on earth, we see,
 Bid new-built temples threat the skies;
Whitehall itself, at their decree,
 Improved might from its ashes rise.
But say, would all their art and care
 One single vegetable show?
With 'cowslips' scent perfume the air,
 Or teach the hawthorn how to blow?

Did fortune answer to my mind,
 My wishes to my love,
No need of invitations kind
 To lead me to the grove,
Where Nature's works I might admire,
 Free from the city's crowd,
And from the art of man retire,
 To view the art of God.

Vast navies, built by human skill,
 The pilot's wondrous art obey;
The oak deserts its native hill,
 O'er ocean's liquid world to stray:
Yet vain the shipwright's boasted pride,
 The chart or compass nought avails,
If nature joins not with her tide,
 Nor lends assistance with her gales.

From pole to pole our squadrons go,
Excelling ancient fables far,
Of Argo, when a ship below,
Or when exalted to a star:
Preserved from rocks and storms in vain,
Laden with wealth or fame they come,
Should erring counsellors ordain,
They suffer shipwreck here at home.

Them virtue rises to defend,
In spite of numbers bold,
See avarice awhile suspend
Its wonted thirst for gold!
What pride or fraud may have designed,
See reason overbear!
And fleets a port of safety find,
If Oglethorpe is there.

The pious, grateful duty owes
To the dear land, where he was born;
A glorious debt! which nature knows
With fairest interest to return.
He merits first his country's praise,
Who steers her helm through danger on,
And he deserves the second place,
Who guards her safety with a son.

'Twas thus the father of my friend
Wisely secured a lasting fame,
Beyond the reach of death to' extend
His public and domestic name.
'Tis single, 'tis imperfect light,
The world from worth unwedded shares,
He only shines completely bright
Who leaves his virtues to his heirs.

Oh, thus too may his offspring haste,
His glory to improve,
And, fired by love to Britain, taste
The bliss of private love !
With joy his summons I attend,
And fly with speed away ;
Let but the patriot condescend
To fix his marriage day.



Religious Discourse.

To speak for God, to sound religion's praise,
 Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise;
 To' infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,
 And point the steps mysterious as they lie;
 To seize the wretch in full career of lust,
 And sooth the silent sorrows of the just:
 Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,
 And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?

But who must talk? Not the mere modern sage,
 Who suits the softened gospel to the age;
 Who ne'er to raise degenerate practice strives,
 But brings the precept down to christian lives.
 Not he, who maxims from cold reading took,
 And never saw himself but through a book:
 Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace,
 Soon sinks extinguished as a comet's blaze.
 Not he, who strains in scripture phrase to abound,
 Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:
 But he who silence loves, and never dealt
 In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.

Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin :
If unresolved to choose the better part,
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart ;
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclined,
Feels Him at once suggest unlaboured sense,
And ope a sluice of sweet benevolence.
Some high behests of heaven you then fulfil,
Sprung from his light your words, and issuing by his will.

Nor yet expect so mystically long,
Till certain inspiration loose your tongue ;
Express the precept runs, " Do good to all ;"
Nor adds, " Whene'er you find an inward call."
'Tis God commands : no farther motive seek,
Speak or without, or with reluctance speak ;
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,
And kindle, till you catch the gospel fire.

Discoveries immature of truth decline,
Nor prostitute the gospel pearl to swine.
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,
The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.
If spurned by some, where weak on earth you lie,
If judged a cheat or dreamer, where you fly ;
Here the sublimer strain, the' exerted air
Forego ; you're at the bar, not in the chair.

To the pert reasoner if you speak at all,
Speak what within his cognizance may fall;
Expose not truths divine to reason's rack,
Give him his own beloved ideas back,
Your notions till they look like his, dilute;
Blind he must be—but save him from dispute!
But when we're turned of reason's noontide glare,
And things begin to show us what they are,
More free to such your true conceptions tell;
Yet graft them on the arts where they excel.
If sprightly sentiments detain their taste;
If paths of various learning they have traced;
If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix:
Fire, erudition, hesitation mix.

All rules are dead: 'tis from the heart you draw
The living lustre, and unerring law.
A state of thinking in your manner show,
Not fiercely soaring, nor supinely low:
Others their lightness and each inward fault
Quench in the stillness of your deeper thought.
Let all your gestures fix'd attention draw,
And wide around diffuse infectious awe;
Present with God by recollection seem,
Yet present by your cheerfulness with them.

Without elation christian glories paint,
Nor by fond amorous phrase assume the saint.

Greet not frail men with compliments untrue ;
With smiles to peace confirmed and conquest due,
There are who watch to adore the dawn of grace,
And pamper the young proselyte with praise :
Kind, humble souls ! They with a right good will
Admire his progress—till he stands stock still.

Speak but to thirsty minds of things divine,
Who strong for thought, are free in yours to join.
The busy from his channel parts with pain,
The languid loaths an elevated strain.
With these you aim but at good-natured chat,
Where all, except the love, is low and flat.

Not one address will different tempers fit,
The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.
Wits will sift you ; and most conviction find
Where least 'tis urged, and seems the least designed.
Slow minds are merely passive ; and forget
Truths not inculcated ; to these repeat,
Avow your counsel, nor abstain from heat.
Some gentle souls to gay indifference true,
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you :
Let love turn babbler here, and caution sleep,
Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep ;
These to your humour, not your sense attend,
'Tis not the' advice that sways them, but the friend.
Others have large recesses in their breast ;
With pensive process all they hear digest :

Here well-weighed words with wary foresight sow,
For all you say will sink, and every seed will grow.

At first acquaintance press each truth severe,
Stir the whole odium of your character :
Let harshest doctrines all your words engross,
And nature bleeding on the daily cross.
Then to yourself the' ascetic rule enjoin,
To others stoop surprisingly benign ;
Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,
If stubborn nature long holds out the heart.
Their outworks now are gained ; forbear to press ;
The more you urge them, you prevail the less ;
Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige,
Your speaking life will carry on the siege :
By your example struck, to God they strive
To live, no longer to themselves alive.

To positive adepts insidious yield,
To ensure the conquest, seem to quit the field :
Large in your grants ; be their opinion shown :
Approve, amend—and wind it to your own.
Couch in your hints, if more resigned they hear,
Both what they will be soon, and what they are :
Pleasing these words now to their conscious breast,
The anticipating voice hereafter blest.

In souls just waked the paths of light to choose
Convictions keen, and zeal of prayer infuse.

Let them love rules; till freed from passion's reign,
Till blameless moral rectitude they gain.

But lest reformed from each extremers ill,
They should but civilize old nature still,
The loftier charms and energy display
Of virtue modelled by the Godhead's ray;
The lineaments divine, perfection's plan,
And all the grandeur of the heavenly Man.
Commences thus the agonizing strife
Previous to nature's death, and second life;
Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,
Their feeble virtue's blush, subside, and die:
They view the scheme that mimic nature made,
A fancied goddess, and religion's shade;
With angry scorn they now reject the whole,
Unchanged their heart, undeified their soul;
Till indignation sleeps away to faith,
And God's own power and peace take root in sacred wrath.

Aim less to teach than love. The work begun
In words, is crowned by artless warmth alone.
Love to your friend a second office owes,
Yourself and him before heaven's footstool throws:
You place his form as suppliant by your side,
(A helpless worm, for whom the Saviour died)
In to his soul call down the' ethereal beam,
And longing ask to spend, and to be spent for Him.

**On some Blasphemous Discourses on our
Saviour's Miracles.**

HAIL, Christian prelates, for your Master's name
Exposed by fool-born jest to grinning shame !
Hail, fathers ! to be envied, not deplored,
Who share the treatment destined to your Lord,
What time his mortal race on earth began,
When first the Son of God was Son of Man.

Behold from night the great accuser rise,
Retouching old, and coining modern lies ;
No slander unessayed, no path untrod,
To blast the glories of Incarnate God !
" An open enemy to Moses' laws ;
A secret patron of Samaria's cause ;
Who dared at Levi's race his curses send,
The sot's companion, and the sinner's friend ;
Who purposed Sion's temple to o'erthrow,
Traitor to Cæsar, and to God a foe ;
Who wonders wrought by force of magic spell,
Possessed with demons, and in league with hell."

Remains there aught, ye powers of darkness, yet ?
Yes, make your ancient blasphemies complete.
"The sacred leaves no prophecies contain,
No miracles to prove Messiah's reign,"
To this each sacred leaf aloud replies,
Nor need we trust our reason, but our eyes.
'Tis urged, his mightiest wonders never showed
"Our Saviour nature's Lord, and real God."
Whose word commanded earth, and sea, and air,
Bid gloomy demons to their hell repair,
Spoke all diseases into health and bloom,
And called the mouldering carcase from the tomb.
O'er tyrant death exerted Godlike sway,
And oped the portals of eternal day.

Here nobler mysteries a sage describes,
The letter false or trivial in his eyes.
Suppose in every act were understood
Some future, mystic, and sublimer good ;
Yet who the letter into air refines,
Destroys at once the substance and the signs,
Will find the truth is with the figure flown,
Because by nothing, nothing is foreshown ;
Else lunatics might deep divines commence,
And downright nonsense be the type of sense
What wilder dream did ever madman seize,
Than, "Symbols all are mere nonentities ?"

This Sion hill fast by the roots will tear,
And scatter Sinai's mountain into air :
No David ever reigned on Judah's throne,
For David shadowed his diviner Son.
So fair, so glorious light's material ray,
That heaven is likened to a cloudless day :
Embodied souls require some outward sign,
To represent and image things divine.
All objects must we therefore subtilize ?
And raze the face of nature from our eyes ?
Dispute is over, the creation gone,
In noon-day splendour we behold no sun.
Thus, fast as power Almighty can create,
May frenzy with a nod annihilate.
No marks of foul imposture then were known,
The cures were public, to a nation shown :
And who, the facts exposed to every eye,
If false could credit, or if true deny ?
While thousands lived, by miracle restored,
Healed by a touch, a shadow, or a word !
Denial then had shocking proved and vain ;
But now the serpent tries another train,
To turns, and doubts, and circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless, may-be's multiplies.
Now every idle question dark appears,
Obscure by shade of seventeen-hundred years,

Which then each ignorant and child must know,
And every friend resolve, and every foe.
No trace of possible deceit was there :
Would those who spilt his blood his honour spare ?
When prejudice and interest urged his fate,
And superstition edged their keenest hate,
When every footstep was beset with spies,
And restless envy watched with all her eyes ;
When Jewish priests with Herod's courtiers joined,
And power, and craft, and earth, and hell combined.
Speak, Caiphas, thy prophecy be shown,
He died for Israel's sake, and not his own !
Pilate arise ! his righteous cause maintain,
And clear the injured Innocent again.
Truth fix'd, eternal stands, and can defy
Time's rolling course to turn it to a lie.
Must every age the once-heard cause recall,
Replacing Jesus in the judgment-hall ;
Cite living witnesses anew to plead,
And raise from dust the long-sepulchred dead ?
That fools undue conviction may receive,
And those, who reason slight, may sense believe,
Those, who the test of former ages scorn,
(For men were idiots all till they were born,)
Whose strength of argument in this we view,
'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not true.

Ye worthies, in the book of life enrolled,
Who nobly filled the bishops' thrones of old !
Ye priests, on second thrones, who, true to God,
By tortures, and by death, your priestcraft showed ;
Ye flocks, disdaining from the fold to stray,
Still following where your pastors led the way,
Whose works through length of years transmitted come
Escaped from Gothic waste, and papal Rome ;
Justly renowned ! behold how malice tries
To blast your fame, and vex your paradise !
Let heretics each human slip declare,
And ridicule the test they cannot bear :
To these what modish ignorants succeed !
And fops, your writings blame, who cannot read.
These open enmities to glory tend ;
The wound strikes deeper from a seeming friend,
Let deist refugees your fame oppose,
And Dutch professors list themselves your foes :
But ah ! let none asperse with vile applause,
And quote with praises in the devil's cause ;
In gleaning scraps bad diligence employ,
The tenor of your doctrines to destroy ;
Make you your much-loved Lord and God deride,
For whom your saints have lived, and martyrs died.
Yet so pursued by love-dissembling hate,
You fill the measure of your Master's fate.

Glory to Jesu ! the blasphemer cries ;
But glaring malice mocks the thin disguise.
Iscaiot thus false adoration paid,
Hailed when he seized, saluted and betrayed.
May Jesu's blood discharge even this offence,
When washed with tears of timely penitence !
E'er yet experience sad assent create,
Convince in earnest, but convince too late !
E'er yet, descended from dissolving skies,
To plead his cause himself shall God arise.
Then scorn must cease, and laughter must be o'er,
And witty fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentic old records declare, .
(If past, with future judgment we compare)
Possess with frantic and demonic spleen,
Apostate Julien scoffed the Nazarene ;
His keenest wit the' imperial jester tries,
Sure to his breast the 'vengeful arrow flies ;
He, while his wound with vital crimson streams,
Proud in despair, confesses and blasphemes ;
Impious, but unbelieving now no more,
He owns the Gallilean conqueror.

On the Death of a Friend.

O THOU, released from fears and perils now,
 From pain and tumult of the life below,
 This little tribute to thy dust I pay ;
 Few tears, but friendly, suit a christian lay,
 From him, who ne'er designed a friend as yet,
 Alive or dead, to flatter or forget.
 But fairest truth will now no blushes raise,
 She runs no danger from the highest praise.

Open and free, honest in word and thought,
 She shunned no questions, nor disguises sought ;
 No oily flattery on her language hung,
 The heart flowed genuine from the artless tongue ;
 For truth in unambiguous speech delights,
 And hates the ever-cautious hypocrites :
 Wretches of every glimpse of day afraid ;
 Souls under cloaks, and minds in masquerade.
 True Lord and God her Saviour she believed,
 Nor shews of charity her faith deceived ;
 Supreme with God, eternal and alone,
 The Son coeval on his Father's throne

Spoke at his will, this universal all,
Called us from nought, and raised us from our fall :
She knew belief and practise well agreed,
Nor to observe commandments lost her creed.
For branches never bear without a root :
Who tears the vine up to secure the fruit ?

Though vice with unconcern she could not see,
Yet unaffected showed her piety ;
Not cast in furious Pharisaic mould,
The Puritanic Shibboleth of old ;
That seemed all mirth as sin to disavow,
No formal frowning sunk her even brow,
As if each look displayed its owner's fate,
And all that smiled were sealed for reprobate :
As awkward sourness were a sign of grace,
And sure election blest an ugly face :
As if hell-fire were always placed in view,
Ordained for all men, but the gloomy few.

Her zeal began at heaven, but did not end ;
True to her spouse, her kindred, and her friend.
Faithful and tender in relation's ties,
Cordial to help and prudent to advise.
Her worth domestic let her consort tell,
Who long enjoyed it, and who proved so well.
No sly reserve, or loud debate was there,
Nor sullen negligence of household care ;

No niggard murmurs, or profuse expense,
But cheerful thrift, and easy diligence :
No separate purse her private sum did hold,
By secret pilfering from the market-gold :
No bounty flowed unknowing to her spouse,
The meeting never robbed the counting-house :
Always to want without injustice kind,
Doubling each alms-deed when the husband joined ;
No sordid lucre anxious to procure,
By grinding bargains with the helpless poor :
A gain few traders wish, she strove to reap,
From buying dearly, and from selling cheap ;
Gain, where unfailing interest shall be given,
Since no directors sink the fund of heaven.
To cheer the wretch she waved all female pride,
And oft her own convenience laid aside ;
Nor silks nor ornaments alone would spare,
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.

Her zeal for church and country might appear
Sometimes mistaken, never insincere :
Our growing crimes with terror late she saw,
Lest public guilt should public judgment draw ;
Lest God, so long provoked, in vengeful hour,
Should grant us to the hands of wicked power,
Our laws, our liberties, our faith to sell,
By universal bribes ensuring hell.

She fears not now the tempest whistling loud,
Nor thunder gathering in the low-hung cloud,
But rests secure from dangers and from dread,
Where unbelief dare never lift its head ;
Where none the sacred gospel dare disown,
Nor favourite Clarke the Son of God dethrone ;
Where none esteem the paltry dirt of gold,
And truth no longer can be bought or sold.

Oh ! had the Saviour me so highly graced ;
Me, though unworthy, at his altars placed,
To' have loosed the charms that long her soul did hold,
And gained the candid wanderer to his fold !
With triumph had I seen her then expire,
Secure of some degrees in glory higher.
Now the true church in purity she owns,
Nor starts at bishop-angels on their thrones.
The one communion void of fault describes,
The film for ever vanished from her eyes :
Now after death at least a convert made,
Too good for those with whom on earth she strayed.
Her teacher's self, as touched with inward shame,
Avoids the mention of her slighted fame ;
To her no incense, no applause is given,
Too much a saint on earth to reign in heaven ;
Bradshaw and Ireton had their heaven possest,
Enthroned in "Baxter's Everlasting Rest."

Amazing saintship ! this perhaps you knew,
And wisely, teacher, from the subject flew :
Your place befits not characters so fair ;
Her faith, her zeal, her piety forbear ;
Her best memorial is — your silence there.

The Pig, a Calr.

SOME husbands on a winter's day,
 Were met to laugh their spleen away;
 As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
 They praise their consorts to the skies.
 Obedient wives were seldom known,
 Yet all could answer for their own;
 Acknowledged each as sovereign lord,
 Abroad, at home, in deed, and word;
 In short, as absolute their reign, as
 Grand signiors over their sultanas.

For pride, or shame, to be outdone,
 All joined in the discourse but one;
 Who vexed so many lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant career;
 " 'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say,
 What! all so absolutely sway!
 In England, where Italians wise,
 Have placed the woman's paradise;
 In London, where the sexes' flower,
 Have of that Eden fixed their bower!

Fie! men of sense, to be so vain!
You're not in Turkey, nor in Spain;
True Britains all.—I'll lay my life,
None here is master of his wife."

These words the general fury rouse,
And all the common cause espouse,
Till one with voice superior said,
(Whose lungs were sounder than his head,)
"I'll send my footman instant home,
To bid the mistress quickly come;
And if she flies not at my call,
To own my power before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-pecked, if you please,
As Sh——ck, or as Socrates.

"Hold there," replies the objector sly,
"Prove first that women never lie;
Else words are wind. To tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you:
No, we'll be judged another way,
By what they *do*,—nor what they say;
I'll hold you severally that boast,
A supper at the loser's cost,
That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A trick I'll tell you by and by,
Send straight for every wife, quite round,
One mother's daughter is not found,

But what before her husband's face,
Point blank his orders disobeys."

To this they one and all consent,
The wager laid, the summons went;
Meanwhile he this construction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleasure is to invite
These friends to a *boiled pig* to-night:
The commoner the trick has been,
The better chance have you to win;
The treat is mine if they refuse;
But if they boil it, then I lose."

The first to whom the message came,
Was a well-born and a haughty dame,
A saucy independant she,
With jointure, and with pin-money;
Secured by marriage-deeds from wants,
Without a separate maintenance.
Her haughtiness disdained to hear
Half through her husband's messenger;
But cut him short with, "How *dare* he
'Mongst pot companions, send for me?
He knows his way, if sober, home,
And if he wants me, bid him come."
This answer hastily returned,
Pleased all but he whom it concerned;

For each man thought his wife, on trial,
Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
Who loved to visit, dress, and play;
To sparkle at the box or ring,
And dance on birth-night for the king;
Whose head was busy wont to be
With something else than cookery.
She hearing of her husband's name,
Though much a gentlewoman, came;
When half-informed of his request,
A dish, as he desired it, dressed,
Quoth madam, with a serious face,
Without enquiring what it was,
"You can't, sure, for an answer look,
Sir, do you take me for a cook?
But I must haste a friend to see,
Who stays my coming to take tea."
So said, that minute out she flew,
What could her slighted husband do?
His wager lost must needs appear,
For none obey who will not hear.

The next in housewifery renowned,
A woman notable was found;
Who had no idleness nor airs,
But minded family affairs:

Expert at everything was she,
At needlework, or surgery ;
Famed for her liquor far and near,
From richest cordial to small beer :
To serve a feast she understood,
In English, or in foreign mode ;
Whate'er the wanton taste could choose,
In sauces, kickshaws, and ragous ;
She spared for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guests to entertain.
Her husband fain accosts her thus,
" To-night these friends will sup with us : "
She answered, with a smile, " My dear,
Your friends are always welcome here. "
" But we desire a pig, and pray,
You'd boil it. "—" Boil it, did you say ?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, sir, than you.
Why ne'er in any book was yet
Found such a whimsical conceit.
My dressing none need be afraid of,
But such a dish was never heard of ;
I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
Let those who know no better, spoil it. "
Her husband cried, " For all my boast,
I own the wager fairly lost ;

And other wives beside my love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
More chargeable than this to me,
To show their pride in housewifery."

Now the poor wretch that next him sat,
Felt his poor heart go pit-a-pat ;
For well he knew his spouse's way,
Her spirit brooked not to obey ;
And never yet was in the wrong,
He told her with a trembling tongue,
Where, and on what, his friends would feast,
And how the dainty should be dressed
To-night. Quoth, in a passion, she,
"No, sir, to-night it cannot be ;
And was it a boiled pig you said ?
You and your friends sure are not mad !
The kitchen is the proper sphere,
Where none but females should appear ;
And cooks their orders, *by your leave*,
Always from mistresses receive.
Boil it !—Was ever such an ass !—
Pray, what would you desire for sauce ?
If any servant in my pay,
Dare dress a pig that silly way,
In spite of any whim of yours,
I'd turn her quickly out of doors ;

For no such thing, nay, never frown—
Where I am mistress shall be done.
Each woman wise her husband rules;
Passive obedience is for fools."

This case was quickly judged. Behold,
A fair-one of a softer mould;
Good humour sparkled in her eye,
And unaffected pleasantry;
So mild and sweet she entered in,
Her spouse thought, certainly I'll win.
Pity such golden hopes should fail,
Soon as she heard the appointed tale,
"My dear, I know not, I protest,
Whether in earnest, or in jest.
Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,
Against your whimsical command,
But do it, as freely as you bid it,
Prove but that woman ever did it."
This cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent;
Thus each denied, a several way,
But all agreed to disobey.

One only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was, and plain;
If now and then her voice she tries,
'Tis not for rule, but exercise.

Unused her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for her right;
She made her little wisdom go
Farther than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,
"A roasting pig I boiled *will have*,
And to prevent all pro and con,
I must *insist* to have it done."
Says she, "My dearest, shall your wife
Get a nickname to last for life?
If you resolve to spoil it, do,
But I desire you'll eat it too:
For though 'tis boiled to hinder squabble,
I shall not—will not sit at table."

She spoke, and her good-man alone
Found he had neither lost nor won,
So fairly parted stakes. The rest
Fell on the wag that caused the jest.
"Would your wife boil it? Let us see."
"Hold there!—you did not lay with me.
You find, in spite of all you boasted,
Your pigs are fatted to be roasted.
The wager's lost—no more contend,
But take this counsel from a friend:
Boast not your empire if you prize it,
For happiest he who never tries it.

Wives, unprovoked, think not of sway,
Without commanding they obey ;
But if your dear ones take the field, .
Resolve at once to win or yield :
For heaven no medium ever gave
Between a sovereign and a slave.

The Basket.—A Tale.

THERE flourished, in a country town,
 To riches born, and riches grown,
 A pair, who, free from flagrant strife,
 Had reached the age of middle life.
 The man was sprung of gentle kind,
 Not ill his person, or his mind
 He knew what squire might wish to know sir;
 But then, hard fate!—he was a grocer:
 In spite of all his wife could say,
 Would sometimes work as well as play.

His wife was not unworthy praise,
 As women went in former days;
 Her beauty, envy must confess,
 Exact, her beauty and her dress;
 In her own family so good,
 The master managed as he would;
 When jars their union discompose,
 Her passion often inward glows,
 Her tongue from anger she would hold,
 And rarely condescend to scold;

Her voice not loud, but rather sweet,
Her conduct virtuous and discreet;
In short, all slander she defied,
One only failing malice spied,
One only fault,—and that was pride;
Her lord's superior in degree,
As something better born than he:
None equal to herself she viewed,
Throughout the spacious neighbourhood.
The attorney's wife, the world allows,
Brought a large portion to her spouse;
But then 'twas less, as she avers,
By full five hundred pounds, than hers!

For country lasses, by the by,
Can sometimes lift their heads as high
As loftiest matrons who reside,
In stateliest mansions of Cheapside;
Can be as proud of dower and birth,
As e'er a princess upon earth!

None with our grocer could compare,
For trade, each market was a fair;
From whence may thinking readers know,
This thing was acted long ago.

One day his business run so high,
His shop so thronged with company;
So quick his customers demands,
He needed more than all his hands.

Down comes his wife with careless air,
But not to help him, never fear;
Far be it from her, a thought so mean,
She came to see, and to be seen;
She ne'er intended to do good,
But stand in the' way of them that would.
That instant, in a servant comes,
Post haste for sugar, and for plums,
Who home had many miles to go:
The grocer peevish 'gan to grow,
To see his dearest loiter so;
Howe'er he mild accosts her, " Pray,
Or give your help, or go your way :"
In vain, he touched her on the ear,
She did not, or she would not bear.
" You see the footman cannot stay,
Pray lend your hand the things to weigh;
Why otherwise did you come down ?"
She only answered with a frown,
But such a frown as seemed to' express,
Her dower, her beauty, and her dress.
" Well, since you would not weigh the ware,
Pray put it in the basket there."
She turned her back without rejoinder,
And left her spouse to fume behind her.
" Hold, hold ! the things are now put in it,
I hope you'll do so much as pin it."

When a fourth time her husband spoke,
The dame her sullen silence broke,
With very short, but full reply,
“ I pin your basket !—No, not I.
Enraged he snatched the footman’s stick,
And laid it on her shoulders quick ;
Amazed, as never struck before,
And feeling much, and fearing more,
To hinder what might farther come on’t,
She pinned the basket in a moment.
The man trooped off in merry mood,
And laughed and chuckled as he rode ;
Pleased with the delicate conceit,
To see so fine a lady beat.
He wished the deed at home were done,
And could not help comparison ;
For his own mistress was as fine,
As her that suffered discipline ;
As proud, as high-born, and as rich,
But not so continent of speech.

At dinner time, the wagish knave,
By turns was fleering, and was grave ;
Now bites his lips, and quickly after,
Burst out unwilling into laughter.
Quoth madam, with majestic look,
(Who servants’ freedom could not brook, .

Nor laughter in her presence bear,))
"What ails the saucy fellow there?
Does not the fool his distance know?
What makes the coxcomb giggle so?"
But angry looks and words were vain,
Again he giggles, and again;
"Nay," says his master, "Tom, at least,
If you must laugh so, tell the jest;
That if 'tis worth our joining, we
In mirth may bear you company."
Tom up and told the story roundly,
How, before, dame was cudgelled soundly.
Scarce madam heard the whole narration,
Before she fell in monstrous passion:
"Was ever anything so base?
At noon-day! in the market-place.
The husband, fain, with sober sense,
Would curb her tide of eloquence;
But your true vixen will for no men,
Forbear defending of a woman;
And, let the cause be bad or good,
Fight tooth and nail for sisterhood.
Her visits were among the best;
No lady e'er was better drest.
And was it proper, pray, that she
Should touch his nasty grocery?"

Not pin the basket!—beat her for it!
I could not think she could have borne it.”
“How could she help it? pray, my dear.”
“What! do you too the rascal clear?
A paltry rogue!—a woman strike!
I think you men are all alike.

Tom now grew merrier,—not sadder,
Which made his mistress ten times madder.
She started up in fury, straight,
And vowed she'd break the rascal's pate.
Her husband rises to assuage
The' o'erbearing tempest of her rage;
But happened not her hand to mind,
And caught the rap for Tom designed;
Who, not approving of the jest,
Returned it soon with interest.
Tom saw in cases of this nature,
'Twas dangerous to be moderator,
So ran down stairs, as best was fitting,
And left his mistress to her beating.

Below stairs was a kitchen maid,
To whom our Tom had courtship paid;
Though strong of limbs, of courage stout,
She argued oftener than she fought;
As cool as heart could well desire,
For one so conversant in fire.

Says Moll, "Above stairs what's the matter?
I never heard so loud a clatter."
For fear of spoiling his amour, he
Was backward to relate the story,
Suspecting much, though sweet-hearts, whether
By the' ears they might not come together.
"I should be sorry, Moll, to see,
A difference rise 'twixt you and me;
'Tis but a trifle, let it go,
What signifies for you to know?
Nay, then I must—so out it came,
And set her woman-hood in flame;
She her resentment could not stifle,
"A trifle, said you, Tom, a trifle!
I think my mistress in the right,
With women none but cowards fight;
A gentle-woman so to maul,
A brutish fellow after all."
Quoth Tom, "A sore affront was done him,
By turning herself round upon him,"
Moll thought she safely might be smart,
With privilege of a sweet-heart;
"Do you excuse him? Very fine;
I'd make him smart for't, were he mine!
Tom might have let the matter die,
By this time in civility;

But if both sides disdain to bend,
How should a quarrel have an end ?
But things, alas ! too far were gone,
And one word drew another on ;
Honour concerned, they both would try for it,
And both are daring, though they die for it.

The strokes so lustily were laid,
The lover and his dear cook-maid,
Spite of the mutual love they boasted,
Were both confoundedly rib-roasted :
They boxed like any man and wife,
So quick the progress is of strife ;
It matters not how small the grain,
If but continual be the train ;
Sufficient the first spark is found,
Fire sudden skims along the ground,
And flashes lightening all around.

The fact thus plainly laid before ye,
What is the purport of the story ?
A double moral may become it,
And justly each may follow from it ;
From hence may fools the danger learn,
Of meddling where they've no concern ;
And males, and females, may beware
Not to adopt another's jar ;
And those who will, with half an eye,
The main instruction may descry :

If you're too weak to win the field,
'Tis best without a combat yield ;
Whene'er your husbands choose to ask it,
Run, fly ye wives, and pin the basket.

The Mastiff.—A Calc.

YOUR deep observers of mankind,
 Assure us constantly they find,
 A strange propensity in nature,
 Rooted in every human creature,
 To do what otherwise they would not,
 When once forbid, because they should not.
 This inclination so perverse,
 Is laid by Partridge on the stars :
 Your rakes, with floods of elocution,
 Charge it on chance or constitution.
 And, out-of-fashioned folks believe,
 It sprung from Adam and from Eve.

But though your wits contend about it,
 The fact itself was never doubted.
 This truth to illustrate, I've chosen
 One common story from a thousand :
 Let critics at the fable quarrel,
 There's no exception to the moral.

In days of yore, no need to show
 How many hundred years ago,

A pair there flourished, free from strife,
Who lived, indeed, like man and wife.
Her temper, mild and sweet, abhorred
To scold and wrangle at her lord.
When in a fault her spouse she found,
She rarely, very rarely, frowned.
In short, she gave him not occasion
For half the trouble or vexation,
Which many a hen-pecked keeping varlet,
Endures most meekly from his harlot.

Next door a captain chanced to shine,
Whose clothes and equipage were fine;
A young and well accomplished heir,
Of gentle blood, and fortune fair;
For ever at the ladies' call,
To deal the cards, or lead the ball;
To squire them to the church or play,
And sense, or nonsense, sing or say.
This youth sometimes occasioned pain
In our too-happy husband's brain;
Yet of himself ashamed, with care
He kept his dreams from taking air;
Else every gossip in the town
Had rose in arms, and faced him down.
They never knew, in all their life,
A dame more virtuous than his wife.

Before the wight was fully freed
From these disorders in his head,
Such business called him from his house,
As scarce gave time to tell his spouse;
He would have instantly been gone,
(As being old enough, alone,)
But she, good woman, durst not send him
Without a servant to attend him.
She kindly begs him not to stay,
When business was despatched, a day.
He promises, when in his power,
He would not absent be an hour.
Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mount the master and the man.

When once set out they travelled fast,
Yet ere they half a mile had passed,
His jealousy began to rise;—
Thought he, as being deadly wise,
This captain now behind my back,
Addresses to my wife may make.
'Tis true, I sha'nt continue long,
But she is fair, and he is young;
And if it once be done, 'tis plain,
It ne'er can be undone again.
I own I never yet could find,
Her heart to gallantry inclined;


But then, in such a case, a man
Can hardly be too careful.—“ John,
Go bid your mistress keep at home,
Nor see the captain till I come.”

John gallops back, but on his way,
Thus to himself began to say :
“ And pray, where is it I am going,
And what fool's errand am I doing ?
To make my mistress, for her life,
A faithless, or a scolding wife.
At least she'll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I've been telling tales.
Though she is yet, I dare be sworn,
As blameless as the babe unborn ;
I'll carry no such message home,
To cause my master's cuckoldom.

Thus, fearful of foreseen disaster,
And much discreeter than his master,
Resolved, full sagely, back he came,
And frightened heartily the dame,
Who thought her lord had come to harm,
And broke, at least, a leg or arm,
For John made twenty hum's and ha's,
When questioned what the matter was.
He was not like your servants now,
But of invention dull and slow ;

He could not hammer out a lie
The lady stood impatient by,
“What ails your master? Tell me, quick.
“He begs you would not”—“Can’t you speak?”
“Not ride the mastiff till you see him.”
“What! does the fellow rave or dream?
Whoever thought of riding him?
You are not sure ’twas all he said!”
“Yes, indeed, madam.” “Is he mad?
Not ride the mastiff! what a whim;
Who ever thought of riding him?”
Go back again from me, and pray,
Desire he’d let you with him stay,
Or find some better message, John,
Hereafter to employ you on.”

He went.—And mother-nature now,
Began in madam’s breast to glow;
She mused, but still the more she thought,
The less she found the meaning out.
“Not ride the mastiff! could it be
Merely to try his sovereignty?
When, from her very wedding day,
She ne’er was known to disobey.
There must be something in’ it, to make
Him send a servant posting back;
She never heard the like before,
Perhaps the maids might tell her more.



For maids, or those that wear the name,
May sometimes teach a wedded dame.
She thought the emptiest of the two,
Would soonest blab out all she knew,
But Betty never Towzer rid,
Nor heard of any one that did.
Vexed at her asking such a ninny,
She sent her down to call up Jenny,
But slyer Jane could tell no more
Than simple Betty told before ;
But stared with all the eyes she had,
And thought her mistress drunk or mad.
Who begged and stormed, and begged again,
But prayers and threatenings were in vain.
She might as easily have thought
To found the bottom of a plot ;
Or though a woman ta'en occasion
To enquire the secret of freemason ;
And shew, as mystic lodge supposes,
Duke Wharton might succeed to Moses.
No diligence there wanting was,
Yet so deplorable her case,
Through servants' obstinate denial,
Nothing is left but make the trial.

Who should the secret first betray ?
One word, herself, she would not say ;

What no one saw who could reveal ?
For sure the mastiff could not tell.
Resolved at last, she called him to her,
And shutting carefully the door,
She clapped his head, and stroked his side ;
'Twas nothing now but up and ride.
Fast by his neck she held, and thus
Mounted her strange Bucephalus ;
Nor found it difficult to get
Without a stirrup to the seat.

Towser, unused to be bestrode,
Groaned surly, at the wicked load,
And strove all ways to disencumber
His burdened shoulders of the lumber ;
Reared, and corvetted, and in fume,
Trotted and gallopped round the room ;
But she, who now or never, thought
To find her husband's meaning out,
Firm, though without a saddle, sat,
And clung as close as any cat.
But fortune often spoils the course,
Whether we ride on dog or horse ;
Under a table crept the steed,
Threw her, and broke her addle head.

Enraged and surly up she got,
Railed at her husband for a sot,

When he returned, she kept her state,
Nor stirred to meet him at the gate.
Up stairs he went, and found her ill,
Silent she frowned and sullen still;
But would not scolding long refrain,
Or take it in poetic strain.

At length the cloud that hovering hung,
Burst into thunder from her tongue;
Like lightnings flash her eyes appears,
And rain fell plenteous into tears.
See what you made the mastiff do,
Did ever any man but you?
And on she went:—but there's no need
Of telling punctual, all she said;
An extract may suffice.—The dame,
Full on her husband, turns the blame,
Start staring mad—he to forbid it;
She a poor innocent that did it.

The man that knew not what was done,
Ran down, amazed, and fell on John.
“Sirrah, what makes your mistress rave?
What was the message that you gave
To break my wife's head?” John replied,
“I bid her not the mastiff ride.”
The master furious 'gan to look,
John begged one word before he struck;

"Sir, had I charged her, in your name,
To shun the captain ere you came,
Doubtless the case had been the same.
Her forehead broke, your brow secures,
Or else the knobs had been on yours.

Epistle to the Rev. George Whitfield.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

COME on, my Whitfield, (since the strife is past,
And friends at first are friends again at last,)
Our hands, and hearts, and counsels, let us join
For mutual league, to' advance the work divine.
Our one contention now, our single aim,
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame;
To spread the victory of that bloody cross,
And gasp our latest breath in the Redeemer's cause.
Too long, alas! we gave to Satan place,
When party zeal put on an angel's face;
Too long we listened to the co'z'ning fiend,
Whose trumpet sounded, "For the faith contend!"
With hasty blindfold rage in error's night,
How did we with our fellow-soldiers fight!
We could not then our father's children know,
But each mistook his brother for a foe.

"Foes to the truth, can you, in conscience spare?
Tear them (the tempter cried) in pieces tear!"
So thick the darkness, so confused the noise,
We took the strangers' for the shepherd's voice:
Rash nature waved the controversial sword,
On fire to fight the battles of the Lord;
Fraternal love from every breast was driven
And bleeding charity returned to heaven.

The Saviour saw our strife with pitying eye,
And cast a look which made the shadows fly;
Soon as the Day-spring in his presence shone
We found the two fierce armies were but one;
Common our hope, and family, and name,
Our arms, our Captain, and our crown, the same,
Enlisted all beneath Immanuel's sign,
And purchased every soul with precious blood divine.

Then let us cordially again embrace,
Nor e'er infringe the league of gospel grace;
Let us in Jesu's name to battle go,
And turn our arms against the common foe;
Fight side by side beneath our Captain's eye,
Chase the Philistines, on their shoulders fly,
And more than conquerors, in the harness die,
For whether I am born to "blush above,"
On earth suspicious of *electing* love,
Or you o'erwhelmed with honourable shame,
To shout the *universal* Saviour's name,

It matters not, if all our conflicts past,
Before the great white throne we meet at last:
Our only care while sojourning below,
Our real faith by real love to shew;
To blast the aliens' hope, and let them see,
How friends of jarring sentiments agree.
Not in a party's narrow banks confined,
Not by sameness of opinions joined,
But cemented with the Redeemer's blood,
And bound together in the heart of God.

Can we forget from whence our union came
When first we simply met in Jesu's name!
The name mysterious of the God unknown,
Whose secret love allured and drew us on
Through a long, lonely, legal wilderness,
To find the promised land of gospel peace.
True yoke-fellows, we then agreed to draw
The intolerable burden of the law,
And jointly labouring on with zealous strife,
Strengthened each others hands to work for life;
To law against the world our steady face,
And valiant for the truth enjoy disgrace;
Then, when we served our God through fear alone
Our views, our studies, and our hearts were one.
No smallest difference damped the social flame;
In Moses' school we thought and spake the same,

And must we now in Christ with shame confess,
Our love was greater when our light was less ?
When darkly through a glass with servile awe,
We first the spiritual commandment saw :
Could we not then our mutual love to shew,
Through fire and water for each other go ?
We could :—we did :—In a strange land I stood
And beckoned thee to cross the Atlantic flood.
With true affection winged, thy ready mind
Left country, fame, and ease, and friends behind,
And, eager all heaven's counsels to explore,
Flew through the watery world, and grasped the shore.

Nor did I linger at my friend's desire,
To tempt the furnace, and abide the fire :
When, suddenly sent forth from the highways,
I called poor outcasts to the feast of grace ;
Urged to pursue the work by thee begun,
Through good and ill report I still rushed on,
Nor felt the fire of popular applause,
Nor feared the torturing flame in such a glorious cause.

Ah ! wherefore did we ever seem to part,
Or clash in sentiment, while one in heart ?
What dire device did the old Serpent find,
To put asunder those whom God had joined ?
From folly and self-love opinion rose,
To sever friends who never yet were foes :

To baffle and divert our noblest aim,
Confound our pride, and cover us with shame;
To make us blush beneath his short-lived power,
And glad the world with one triumphant hour.

But lo! the snare is broke, the captive's freed,
By faith on all the hostile powers we tread,
And crush, through Jesu's strength, the serpent's head.
Jesus hath cast the cursed Accuser down,
Hath rooted up the tares by Satan sown:
Kindled anew the never-dying flame,
And re-baptized our souls into his name.
Soon as the virtue of his name we feel,
The storm of strife subsides, the sea is still;
All nature bows at his benign command,
And two are one in his Almighty hand.
One in his hand, O may we still remain,
Fast bound by love's indissoluble chain;
(That adamant which time and death defies,
That golden chain which draws us to the skies.)
His love, the tie that binds us to his throne,
His love, the bond that perfects us in one:
His love, (let all the grounds of friendship see,)
His only love constrains our hearts to agree,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

Jesus washing the Disciples' Feet.

MY God, my God, was ever love,
 Was ever lowliness like thine !
 Conscious of what thou art above,
 Supreme in majesty divine ;
 Thy Father, ere the world began,
 Into thy hands had all things given,
 And sanctified the Son of man,
 The Sovereign Lord of earth and heaven.

Who didst from him thy mission know,
 Returning to thy Father's breast,
 How could thy greatness stoop so low,
 God over all, by all confest !
 Contemplating thy glorious state,
 Which mortal eye had never seen,
 Thou didst on thy own creatures wait,
 And serve the sinful sons of men.

See then, ye haughty worms of earth,
 The strange humility unknown !
 Who boast your power, or pomp, or birth,
 Behold Jehovah's only Son !

The sight might kings themselves convert,
God only could so far submit,
Satan is in the traitor's heart,—
The Lord most High is at his feet !

Epitaph on Miss Fanny Cowper.

STAY, thou immortal spirit, stay,
And let the dead point out thy way ;
Mark where a christian's ashes lie,
And learn of her to live and die.

A virtuous maid, for twenty years,
She sojourned in the vale of tears ;
The Father then his love made known,
And in her heart revealed his Son.

Joined to the Lord her righteousness,
Filled with unutterable peace,
She felt on earth her sins forgiven,
That glorious antepast of heaven.

Not long for all her heaven she stayed,
Her soul, through sufferings perfect made
With joy forsook the earthly clod,
And sprang into the arms of God.

Go, sinner! in her footsteps tread,
Follow the living and the dead;
Believe in God's atoning Son,
And heaven is all in Christ thine own,

Abel and Christ.

How loud the blood of Abel cries,
Demandeth vengeance, from the ground!
But louder still throughout the skies
Thou hearest the blood of Jesus sound;
It pleads for the apostate race,
That all his murderers may live;
It asks for me thy sparing grace,
And every drop cries out "Forgive!"

The Family of God.

COME, ye kindred souls above,
Man provokes you unto love;
Saints and angels hear the call
"Praise the common Lord of all."

Him let earth and heaven proclaim,
Earth and heaven record his name;
Let us both in this agree,
Both his one great family.

Hosts of heaven, begin the song,
Praise him with a tuneful tongue;
Sounds like yours we cannot raise,
We can only lisp his praise.

Us repenting sinners see,
Jesus died to set us free;
Sing ye over us forgiven;
Shout for joy, ye hosts of heaven !

Be it unto angels known
By the church, what God hath done :
Depths of love and wisdom see
In a dying Deity !

Gaze, ye first-born seraphs, gaze !
Never can ye sound his grace !
Lost in wonder, look no more ;
Fall, and silently adore.

Ministerial spirits, know,
Execute your charge below :
You our Father hath prepared,
Fenced us with a flaming guard :

Bid you all our ways attend,
Safe convoy us to the end,
On your wings our souls remove,
Waft us to the realms of love.

Happy souls, whose course is run,
Who the fight of faith have won,
Parted by an earlier death,
Think ye of your friends beneath ?

Have ye your own flesh forgot,
By a common ransom bought ?
Can death's interposing tide
Spirits one in Christ divide ?

No : for us you ever wait,
Till we make your bliss complete,
Till your fellow-servants come,
Till your brethren hasten home :

You in paradise remain,
For your testimony slain,
Nobly who for Jesus stood,
Bold to seal the truth with blood.

Ever now your speaking cries
From beneath the altar rise,
Loudly call for vengeance due :
" Come, thou holy God, and true !

" Lord, how long dost thou delay ?
Come to judgment, come away !
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
Come away, to judgment come !"

Wait, ye righteous spirits, wait,
Soon arrives your glorious state;
Robed in white, a season rest,
Blest, if not completely blest.

When the number is fulfilled,
When the witnesses are killed,
When we all from earth are driven,
Then with us ye mount to heaven.

Jesus, hear, and bow the skies;
Hark! we all unite our cries;
Take us to our heavenly home,
Quickly let thy kingdom come!

Jesu, come, the Spirit cries;
Jesu, come, the bride replies;
One triumphant church above,
Join us all in perfect love.

Righteous Indignment.

'Tis not, O Lord, the external part,
 Which pleases or displeases thee;
 The principle, the end, the heart
 Thou dost in every action see;
 Thou only know'st the doer's aim,
 The will, the temper, and the frame.

But partial, ignorant, and blind,
 We rashly judge as things appear,
 Censorious, hasty, and unkind,
 Judge by the hearing of the ear;
 And oft, as swayed by hate or love,
 The good condemn, the ill approve.

Jesus, send forth thy truth and light,
 That with thy love of equity,
 Inspired, we may pronounce aright
 The sentence which proceeds from thee;
 As partners in thy judgment join,
 And reign in righteousness divine.

Peter and John.

JESUS is first perceived and known
By loving and quick-sighted John,
Who hastes the joyful news to tell,
And points him out to Peter's zeal;
And Peter's fervent soul is stirred,
And springs with joy to grasp his Lord.

A faithful soul will never stay
Though pain and death obstruct the way,
But venture all his faith to prove,
And reach the object of his love;
Rush through the flame and swim the flood,
Or wade to Christ through seas of blood.

Oh ! that they both in me might meet,
The zeal and love, the light and heat !
My Master dear, I first would know,
To him through fire and water go ;
Danger and toil for Christ despise,
Or lose my life to gain the prize.

Primitive Christianity.

WHAT a beautiful sight,
When the children of light
In their primitive purity shone !
The disciples of old
Never strayed from the fold,
But they all were united in one.

To the temple of God,
Where his honour abode,
They daily rejoiced to repair ;
And the Lord of the place
Daily showed them his face,
In the house of thanksgiving and prayer.

When the Spirit was come,
He attended them home ;
And performing to Jesus their vows,
In the breaking of bread
They remembered their Head,
And a church was in every house.

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Oh! that they both in me might meet,
 The zeal and love, the light and heat!
 My Master dear, I first would know,
 To him through fire and water go;
 Danger and toil for Christ despise,
 Or lose my life to gain the prize.

Christ's kindness to the Poor.

JESUS the poor with pity sees,
He looks into our cottages,
Enquires with condescension sweet,
" My children, have ye ought to eat ? "
He bids us our requests make known,
Our burdens cast on him alone ;
Prevents the hungry beggar's prayer,
And feeds us with a father's care.

He knows our depth of poverty,
But wills that we ourselves should see,
And humbly at his feet confess,
Our utter want of every grace.
Saviour we nothing have to eat ;
Thou living Bread, thou heavenly Meat,
Indulge us with a fresh supply,
Or, wanting Thee, we faint and die.

The Physician's Hymn.

PHYSICIAN, friend of human-kind,
Whose pitying love is pleased to find
 A cure for every ill;
By thee raised up, by thee bestowed
To do my fellow-creatures good,
 I come to serve thy will.

I come, not like the sordid herd
Who, mad for honour or reward,
 Abuse the healing art:
Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,
But kind concern at human pain,
 And love, constrain my heart.

Confiding in thy name alone,
Jesus, I in thy work go on,
 To tend thy sick and poor,
Dispenser of thy med'cines I;
But thou the blessing must supply,
 But thou must give the cure.

For this I humbly wait on thee
The servant of thy servants see
 Devoted to thy will,
Determined in thy steps to go,
And help the sickly sons of woe,
 Who groan thy help to feel.

O while thou giv'st their bodies ease,
Convince them of their worst disease,
 The sickness of the mind;
And let them groan by sin oppressed,
Till, coming unto thee for rest,
 Rest to their souls they find.

Ench.

O THAT I might walk with God !
 Jesus my companion be,
Lead me to thy blest abode,
 Through the fire, or through the sea.
Joined to Thee by humble love,
 Nothing I desire beside,
Only let me never more,
 Never stir, without my Guide.

The Glory of Christ.

JESUS, the everlasting Son,
 Thou reign'st above the sky,
 Jehovah sitting on thy throne,
 The Lord and God Most High !
 Thee, very God, and very man,
 We see to sinners given ;
 And soon the glories of thy train
 Shall fill both earth and heaven.

Prayer.

SURELY, if we ought, we may
 Every moment watch and pray :
 Simply I receive the word,
 Merciful, almighty Lord :
 Thou who gavest the command,
 Nothing can thy will withstand ;
 And if I believe in thee,
 Nothing is too hard for me.

O that I my God might find
Always present to my mind !
O that I might thee desire,
Thee in every wish require !
When my constant aim thou art,
Master of my longing heart,
All my happiness and care ;
Then I pray the ceaseless prayer.

The Soul.

IF for a world a soul be lost,
Who can the loss supply ?
More than a thousand worlds it cost
One single soul to buy !

Tradition.

SHALL we on tradition vain
In confidence rely ?
Dream, with apostolic men,
That John could never die ?

Error from the truth may spring,
From Jesu's misconstrued word;
Saints, in proof of falsehood, bring
The sayings of their Lord.

But by Jesu's word alone
The error we gainsay,
Truth divinely genuine own,
And legends cast away.
Thus we understand thy mind,
(Wayfaring men, who need not err,)
Scripture, with thy Spirit, find
Its own interpreter.

True Philanthropy.

LORD, may not I thy promise claim
Made to the isles in Japheth's name?
In mercy then, to me impart
The largeness of a loving heart.
A heart to no one sect confined,
But compassing the ransomed kind;
Capacious as the Deity,
And grasping all thy gifts in Thee.

An Elegy on the late Rev. George Whitfield, M. A.

Who died September 30th, 1770, in the Fifty-sixth year of his age.

AND is my WHITFIELD entered into rest,
With sudden death, with sudden glory, blest ?
Left for a few sad moments here behind,
I bear his image on my faithful mind ;
To future times the fair example tell
Of one who lived, of one who died, so well ;
Pay the last office of fraternal love,
And then embrace my happier friend above.

O Thou who didst, in our degenerate days,
This chosen vessel for Thy glory raise,
My heart with my companion's zeal inspire,
And touch *my* lips with the celestial fire,
That, while Thy servant's labours I record,
Sinners may see, and magnify his Lord,
Bow to the saving Name, and thankful own
The good on earth performed is wrought by God alone.

His sovereign grace vouchsafed a worm to choose,
The vessel fitting for the Master's use ;

God from the womb set for Himself apart
A Pastor fashioned after His own heart ;
Infused the infant-wish, the warm desire,
To minister like that angelic choir,
And bade his simple soul to heaven aspire.

Awed and delighted with a God unknown,
By glimpses of His face led gently on,
The powerful, sweet attraction he pursued,
And feared the crowd, and sighed for solitude ;
His sins and wants in secret to declare,
Or wait for blessings in the house of prayer,
Devotion by the altar-fire to raise,
And join the first-born church in solemn songs of praise.

But now the Lord, who sends by whom He will,
Ready His own great purpose to fulfil,
Inclined the creature's heart as passive clay,
And pointed out his providential way
To learning's seats, for piety designed,
For knowledge sound, with pure religion joined,
Schools of the Prophet's sons, and well employed,
When training servants for the courts of God.

'Twas there he dared his father's God pursue,
Associating with the derided few,
Who, newly started in the Christian race,
Were blindly following after righteousness,
Outcasts of men, and fools for Jesu's sake :
He longed their glorious scandal to partake,

Courageously took up the shameful cross,
And, suffering all things in the Saviour's cause,
Vowed to renounce the world, himself deny,
And, following on with them, with them to live and die.

Can I the memorable day forget,
When first we by divine appointment met ?
Where undisturbed the thoughtful student roves,
In search of truth through academic groves ;
A modest, pensive youth, who mused alone,
Industrious the frequented path to shun,
An Israelite, without disguise or art,
I saw, I loved, and clasped him to my heart,
A stranger as my bosom-friend caressed,
And unawares received an angel-guest.

Marked for an angel of the church below,
Must he not first severe temptation know,
Fly from the flaming mount with guilty awe,
And quake to hear the thunders of the law,
The' accuser's cruel buffetings sustain,
Still of unconquerable sin complain,
With cries and tears that seemed to flow in vain ?
Long in the fire, long in the desert tried,
He daily languished, and he daily died ;
Long by the spirit of fear in prison bound,
Groaned for relief, yet no deliverance found ;
Till, quite forsaken both of man and God,
And fainting underneath corruption's load,

His fastings, prayers, and struggles he gave o'er,
Sunk in despair, and gasped for help no more.

Then, in the last extreme of hopeless grief,
Jesus *appeared*, and helped his unbelief,
Infused the faith which did his sins remove,
Assured his heart of God's forgiving love,
And filled with glorious joy, the joy of saints above.

Who but the souls that savingly believe,
The raptures of a faithful soul conceive ?
The joy unspeakable, the love unknown,
The peace he felt, is understood by none,
By none but those who know their sins forgiven,
Through God the Holy Ghost come down from
heaven.

Born of the Spirit now, divinely led,
He hastes in his dear Saviour's steps to tread,
Eager his faith's sincerity to prove
By all the works of piety and love;
Fruits of repentance first, and legal fear,
They now the genuine marks of grace appear,
Their own superior principle maintain,
And justify his faith to God and man.
While listening to forlorn affliction's cries,
Swift to assist on wings of love he flies,
Help to the sick and needy prisoners gives,
And more than their external wants relieves;

Alarms the souls that sleep secure in sin,
Till urged the one great business they begin,
Instructs them how to' escape the judgment night :
"Ye must be born again, or dead for ever die !"

Nor let the scrupulous sons of Levi fear
He thus invades the sacred character ;
Thus every candidate should first be tried
In doing good, in Jesu's steps abide,
Then exercise aright the Deacon's powers,
Son to his church, as WHITFIELD was to ours.

Moved by the Holy Ghost to minister,
And serve His altar, in the house of prayer,
Though long resolved for God alone to live,
The outward call he trembled to receive,
Shrunk from the awful charge, so well prepared,
The gift by apostolic hands conferred,
And cried, with deep, unfeigned humility,
"Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt, but send not me."

Yet soon he bows before the will divine,
Clearly demonstrating its own design ;
Called by a Prelate good, no more delays
To' accept with awe the consecrating grace,
And offers up, through the Redeemer's blood,
His body, spirit, soul, a sacrifice to God.

He now begins, from every weight set free,
To make full trial of his ministry ;

Breaks forth on every side, and runs, and flies,
Like kindling flames that from the stubble rise;
Where'er the ministerial Spirit leads,
From house to house the heavenly fire he spreads,
Ranges through all the city lanes and streets,
And seizes every prodigal he meets.

Who shall the will and work divine oppose?
His strength with his increasing labour grows:
Workman and work the' Almighty hath prepared,
And, sent of God, the servant must be heard,
Rush through the opening door, on sinners call,
Proclaim the truth, and offer Christ to all.

"Sound an alarm, the Gospel-trumpet blow,
Let all their time of visitation know:
'The Saviour comes,' you hear His herald cry;
'Go forth and meet the Friend of sinners nigh!'"

Roused from the sleep of death, a countless crowd
(Whose hearts like trees before the wind are bowed,
As a thick cloud that darkens all the sky,
As flocking doves that to their windows fly)
Press to the hallowed courts, with eager strife,
Catch the convincing word, and hear for life.
Parties and sects their endless feuds forget,
And fall and tremble at the preacher's feet;
Pricked at the heart, with one consent enquire,
"What must we do to' escape the never-dying fire?"

Made apt to teach, he points them out the way,
And willing multitudes the truth obey ;
He lets his light on all impartial shine,
And strenuously asserts the birth divine ;
The Spirit freely given to all who claim
That promised Comforter in Jesu's name ;
The pardon bought so dear, by grace bestowed,
Received through faith in the atoning blood.
While yet he speaks the Lord himself comes down,
Applies and proves the gracious word His own,
The Holy Ghost to thirsty souls imparts,
And writes forgiveness on the broken hearts.

But, lo ! an ampler field appears in view,
And calls His champion forth to conquests new :
Nor toils nor dangers can his zeal repress,
Nor crowds detain him by his own success :
In vain his children tempt him to delay,
With prayers and tears invite his longer stay,
Or ask, as sharers of his weal or woe,
To earth's remotest bounds with him to go :
He leaves them all behind at Jesu's word,
He finds them all again in his beloved Lord.

See, where he flies ! as if by Heaven designed
To' awake and draw our whole apostate kind !
He takes the eagle's with the morning's wings,
To other worlds the great salvation brings,

As sent, with joyful news of sins forgiven,
To every ransomed soul on this side heaven !

With ready mind the' Americans receive
Their angel-friend, and his report believe ;
So soon the servant's heavenly call they find,
So soon they hear the Master's feet behind :
He comes—to wound, and heal ! At His descent
The mountains flow, the rocky hearts are rent ;
Numbers, acknowledging their gracious day,
Turn to the Lord, and cast their sins away,
And faint and sink beneath their guilty load
Into the arms of a forgiving God.

His son revealed, they now exult to know,
And after a despised Redeemer go,
In all the works prepared their faith to prove,
In patient hope, and fervency of love.

How blest the messenger whom Jesus owns !
How swift with the commissioned word he runs !
The sacred fire shut up within his breast
Breaks out again ; the weary cannot rest,
Cannot consent his feeble flesh to spare,
But rushes on, Jehovah's harbinger :
His one delightful work, and steadfast aim
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame,
To scatter the good seed on every side,
To spread the knowledge of the Crucified,

From a small spark a mighty fire to raise,
And fill the continent with Jesu's praise.

What recompence for all his endless toil ?
The Master pays him with a constant smile,
With peace, and power, and comforts from above,
Grace upon grace, and floods of rapturous love.
When often spent and spiritless he lies,
Jesus beholds him with propitious eyes,
And looks him back his strength, and bids arise,
Sends him again to run the lengthened race,
Prosper his work, and shines on all his ways.

The man of God, whom God delights to' approve
In his great labours of parental love,
Love of the little ones,—for these he cares,
The lambs, the orphans, in his bosom bears ;
Knowing in whom he trusts, provides a place,
And spreads a table in the wilderness ;
A father of the fatherless, supplies
Their daily wants—with manna from the skies,
In answer to his prayer so strangely given,
His fervent prayer of faith that opens heaven.

What mighty works the prayer of faith can do !
The good of souls, and Jesus, in his view,
He sees the basis sure, which cannot fail,
Laid by the true divine, Zerubbabel ;
The rising house built up by swift degrees,
The crowning-stone brought forth with shouts he sees :

The Lord hath finished what his hands begun,
 Ascribe the gracious work to grace alone. ♫

The house is built; and shall not God provide ?
 Plentiful help pours in on every side
 From hearts inclined the hungry lambs to feed,
 By Him, who satisfies the poor with bread ;
 Whose blessing makes the earth her riches yield,
 The wilderness becomes a fruitful field,
 Bids golden harvests round His house arise,
 And turns a waste into a paradise.

With heart enlarged, with confidence increased,
 In all his purposes and labours blest,
 The steward wise, and faithful to his trust,
 Gives God the praise, and sinks into the dust,
 And cries, o'erwhelmed his Master's smile to see,
 " O when shall I begin to live for Thee ! "

More grace is on the humble man bestowed,
 More work on him that loves to work for God ;
 By whose supreme decree and kind command
 He now returns to bless his native land,
 (Nor dreads the threatenings of the wintry deep,
 Or all its storms, with Jesus in the ship,)
 To see how the beloved disciples fare,
 Fruits of his toil, and children of his prayer,
 A second Gospel benefit to' impart,
 And comfort and confirm the faithful heart.

So the first Missioners in Jesu's name
 Went forth, the world's Redeemer to proclaim,
 The crucified, supreme, eternal God,
 The general peace and pardon in His blood ;
 From clime to clime the restless heralds run,
 To make their Saviour through the nations known,
 Planted in every place, to serve their Lord,
 A living church, and watered by the word,
 While Heaven was pleased their ministry to bless,
 And God bestowed the thousand-fold increase.

But shall my partial, fond presumption dare
 A stripling with Apostles to compare ?
 Their powers miraculous he dared not claim,
 Though still his Gospel and his God the same.
 Commissioned by his God, the word of grace
 (Where'er the Lord an open door displays)
 Freely as he receives he freely gives,
 And, daily dying, by the Gospel lives;
 Renews his strength, renews his prosperous toil
 In every corner of our favoured isle,
 And publishes salvation to the poor,
 And spreads the joyous news from shore to shore.

For, when the rich a proffered Christ reject,
 And spurn the preacher with his odious sect,
 Out of their temples cast, he straight obeys,
 Goes forth to all the hedges and high-ways,

Arrests the most abandoned slaves of sin,
And forces the poor vagrants to come in,
To share the feast for famished souls designed,
And fill the house enlarged for all the sinful kind.

How beauteous on the mountain-tops appear
The feet of God's auspicious messenger,
Who brings good tidings of a world forgiven,
Who publishes a peace 'twixt earth and heaven,
And cries to Zion, "He that purged thy stains,
Thy Saviour-God and King, for ever reigns!"

Soon as he thus lifts up his trumpet-voice,
Attentive thousands tremble or rejoice :
Who faithfully the welcome truth receive,
Rejoice, and closer to their Saviour cleave :
Poor Christless sinners, wounded by the word,
(Lively and sharper than a two-edged sword,
Spirit and soul almighty to divide,)
Drop, like autumnal leaves, on every side,
Lamenting after Him they crucified !
While God inspires the comfort or the dread,
Wider and wider still the cry is spread,
Till all perceive the influence from above,
O'erwhelmed with grief, or swallowed up in love.

What multitudes repent, and then believe,
When God doth utterance to the preacher give !
Whether he speaks the words of sober sense,
Or pours a flood of artless eloquence,

Ransacks the foul apostate creature's breast,
And shows the man half devil and half beast,
Or warmly pleads his dear Redeemer's cause,
Or pity on the poor and needy draws :
" The Deist scarce from offering can withhold,
And misers wonder they should part with gold :"
Opposers, struck, the powerful word admire
In speechless awe, the hammer and the fire,
While Whitfield melts the stubborn rocks, or breaks,
In consolation or in thunder speaks.
From strength to strength our young Apostle goes,
Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows,
Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal,
Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell.

Such for a length of years his glorious race
He ran, nor e'er looked back, or slack'd his pace ;
Starting afresh, on this alone intent,
And straining up the steep of excellent,
Forgetting still the things already done,
And reaching forth to those not yet begun,
Eager he pressed to his high calling's prize,
By violent faith resolved to scale the skies,
And apprehend his Lord in paradise.

Through his abundant toils, with fixed amaze,
We see revived the work of ancient days ;
In his unspotted life with joy we see
The fervours of primeval piety :

A pattern to the flock by Jesus bought,
A living witness of the truths he taught,
Meek, lowly, patient, wise above his years,
Redeemed from earth, with all their hopes and fears,
Not to the vain desires of men he lived,
Not with delight their high applause received,
But praised the Lord for what His grace had done,
And simply lived to serve His will alone.

The heavenly principle of faith within,
The strong divine antipathy to sin,
The Spirit's law, the meek engrafted word,
The vital knowledge of an heart-felt Lord,
The nature new, the' incorruptible seed,
Its power throughout his life and actions spread,
And showed the man regenerate from above,
By fraudless innocence and childlike love.

For friendship formed by nature and by grace,
(His heart made up of truth and tenderness,)
Stranger to guile, unknowing to deceive,
In anger, malice, or revenge to live,
He lived, himself on others to bestow,
A ministerial spirit while here below,
Beloved by all the lovers of his Lord,
By none but Satan's synagogue abhorred.

Nor did their fierce abhorrence always last:
When on the right the gospel net he cast,

The powerful charms of soft persuasion tried,
 And showed them their Redeemer's hands and side,
 Love irresistible they could not bear,
 Or stand against the torrent of his prayer;
 By bleeding love their hatred he o'ercame,
 And seized the lawful spoils in Jesu's name.

Betwixt the mountain and the multitude,
 His life was spent in prayer and doing good:
 To search the sacred leaves his soul's delight,
 And pray them o'er and o'er by day and night,
 To wrestle on for faith and faith's increase,
 To follow after peace and holiness,
 At Jesu's feet to catch the quickening word,
 And into nothing sink before his Lord.

Though long by following multitudes admired,
 No party for himself he e'er desired;
 His one desire to make the Saviour known,
 To magnify the name of Christ alone:
 If others strove who should the greatest be,
 No lover of pre-eminence was he,
 Nor envied those his Lord vouchsafed to bless,
 But joyed in theirs as in his own success,
 His friends in honour to himself preferred,
 And least of all in his own eyes appeared.

When crowds for counsel or relief applied,
 No surly rustic he, with cruel pride

To bid the sorrowful intruders wait,
 Or send the suppliants weeping from his gate;
 But ever listening to the wretch's call,
 Courteous, and mild, and pitiful to all.
 No Prophet smooth to men of high estate,
 No servile flatterer of the rich or great,
 Their faults he dared with freedom to reprove,
 The honest freedom of respectful love,
 And sweetly forced their consciences to own
 He sought not theirs, but them, for Jesu's sake alone.

To all he rendered what to all he owed,
 Whose royalty from true religion flowed:
 The man of one consistent character,
 Who feared his God, he *must* his King revere:
 Fixed as a rock, for all assaults prepared,
 No sly seducers found him off his guard,
 But missed their aim to fix the factious brand
 On faithful men, the quiet in the land.

Single his eye, transparently sincere
 His upright heart did in his words appear;
 His cheerful heart did in his visage shine;
 A man of true simplicity divine,
 Not always as the serpent wise, yet love
 Preserved him always harmless as the dove:
 Or if into mistake through haste he fell,
 He showed what others labour to conceal.

Convinced, no palliating excuse sought,
But freely owned his error, or his fault,
Nor feared the triumph of ungenerous foes,
Who humbler from his fall, and stronger rose.

When Satan strove the brethren to divide,
And turn their zeal to—"Who is on my side?"
One moment warmed with controversial fire,
He felt the spark as suddenly expire,
He felt revived the pure ethereal flame,
The love for all that bowed to Jesu's name,
Nor ever more would for opinions fight
With men whose life, like his, was in the right.
His soul disdained to serve the selfish ends
Of zealots, fierce against his bosom-friends:
(Who urged him with his bosom-friends to part,
Might sooner tear the fibres from his heart:)
He now the wiles of the accuser knew,
And cast him down, and his strongholds o'erthrew,
With each partition-wall by men designed
To put asunder those whom God had joined.

How have we heard his generous zeal exclaim,
And load with just reproach the bigot's name!
The men by sameness of opinion tied,
Who their own party love, and none beside;
Or, like the Romish sect, infallible,
Secure themselves, and send the rest to hell!

Impartial, as unfeigned, his love o'erflowed
To all, but chiefly to the house of God ;
To those who thought his sentiments amiss—
O that their hearts were half as right as his,
Within no narrow party-banks confined,
But open, and enlarged to all mankind !

Lover of all mankind, his life he gave,
Christ to exalt, and precious souls to save :
Nor age nor sickness could abate his zeal
To feed the flock, and serve the Master's will.
Though spent with pain, and toils that never ceased,
He laboured on, nor asked to be released :
Though daily waiting for the welcome word,
Longing to be dissolved, and meet his Lord,
Yet still he strangely lived, by means unknown,
In death immortal, till his work was done,
And wished for Christ his latest breath to spend,
That life and labour might together end.

What after God he asks can God deny ?
Ripe for the summons, " Get thee up, and die,"
Mature in grace, and ready to depart,
The Spirit cries, all-powerful in his heart,
" O that to-day might close my ministry !
O that I might to-day my Saviour see ! "

He speaks—and dies ! transported to resign
His spotless soul into the hands divine !

He sinks into his loving Lord's embrace,
And sees his dear Redeemer face to face !

O what a God is ours ! so true and just
To all that in His faithful mercies trust !
Our kind, omnipotent, eternal Friend,
Who freely loved, and loves us to the end !
He now receives His honoured servant up,
Nor lets us grieve, as Heathen without hope,
Like them who *lose* their friends at death, like them
Who never knew our Lord and God supreme ;
With whom the spirits of the righteous rest,
Till all the church are gathered to His breast.

Even now the cordial hope my sorrow cheers,
And stops the current of these needless tears :
Shall I a momentary loss deplore,
Lamenting after him that weeps no more ?
What though, forbid by the Atlantic wave,
I cannot share my old companion's grave ?
Yet at the trumpet's call my dust shall rise,
With his fly up to Jesus in the skies,
And live with him the life that never dies.

O could I first perform my Master's will,
Faithful in little, and his work fulfil,
Like him I mourn, a steward wise and good,
Pursuing him, as he his Lord pursued !
O had he dropped his mantle in his flight !
O might his spirit on all the Prophets 'light !

But vain the hope of miracles to come;
There's no Elisha in Elijah's room.

Yet, lo! the Lord our God for ever lives,
And daily by His word the dead revives;
His Spirit is not restrained, but striving still,
And carrying on His work by whom He will.
He wills us in our partner's steps to tread;
And, called and quickened by the speaking dead,
We trace our shining pattern from afar,
His old associates in the glorious war,
Resolved to use the utmost strength bestowed,
Like him to spend and to be spent for God
By holy violence seize the crown so nigh,
Fight the good fight, our threefold foe defy,
And more than conquerors in the harness die.

Jesus, preserve, till thou our souls receive,
And let us in Thy servant's spirit live!
Thy Spirit breathed into his faithful breast,
Be it in every labourer's life expressed,
In all our works, and words, and tempers seen,
Unbounded charity to God and men,
The meek humility, the fervent zeal,
All-patient hope, and faith invincible,
Faith in its primitive simplicity,
Faith to walk on, till we depart, in Thee.

Through Thee approaching now the gracious throne,
Our instant prayer, an echo of Thine own,

We offer up, with all the faithful race,
For all the foes and strangers to Thy grace,
The fallen Church, in whose defence we stand,
To ward Thy judgments from a guilty land,
Till, wrestling on, the praying few prevail,
And life and mercy turn the hovering scale.
O that the prayer of faith might now return !
O that a nation, of Thy Spirit born,
Might rise Thy witnesses in this their day,
And multitudes of Priests the truth obey !
The last, alas, in every age to bring
Back to their hearts their long-neglected King !
Yet now let all believe at Thy command,
And spread the Gospel faith through every land,
Till every heart and tongue Thy Name confess,
And the whole earth's renewed in righteousness,
O'erflowed with love, a paradise restored,
For ever filled with Thee, the GLORY OF THE LORD !

Written on a journey in peril of Robbers.

SAVIOUR, thy promised aid I claim
 In danger's threatening hour;
 I run for shelter to thy Name,
 My adamantine Tower:
 While underneath Thy wings I rest,
 My sure defence I have;
 For who or what can e'er molest
 Whom God resolves to save?

The man who truly fears his God,
 Hath nothing else to fear:
 Thy providence marks out my road,
 Thy glory guards my rear;
 I journey on, with flaming bands
 Begirt on every side;
 Tho angels bear me in their hands,
 And Jesus is my Guide.

The sons of violence surround
 My sacred paths in vain;
 By my unseen Protector bound,
 They cannot break their chain:

Legions of fiends before Him fly,
 Nor dare His charge assail;
 He scatters evil with His eye,
 And frowns them back to hell.

Lord, I with thankfulness adore
 Thy providential care,
 And still Thy promised help implore
 In never-ceasing prayer:
 Before me still, my Saviour, go,
 And lead me by Thy grace;
 But turn on Sion's top, and show
 Me all Thy glorious face.

Deliverance from a Popish Ambush and Assault near Athlone.

ALL-CONQUERING King,
 Thy triumph we sing,
 Redeemed from the foe,
 We publish our mighty Redeemer below;
 The' omnipotent Name
 Of Jesus proclaim,
 And joyfully raise
 Our voices and hearts in a concert of praise.

From the malice of men,
 Thou hast saved us again,
 And broken the snare,
 And scattered the folk that delighted in war :
 Athirst for our blood
 In ambush they stood,
 Our lives to surprise,
 And hurry us hence to our friends in the skies.

The idolatrous Priest
 Their purpose had blest ;
 And, armed with *his* zeal,
 And inspired with the tenderest mercies of hell,
 They rushed on their prey,
 The victims to slay,
 And accomplish their doom,
 And offer us up to the Moloch of Rome.

But God on the throne
 Protected His own ;
 The danger to ward,
 He planted around an angelical guard :
 Their wings were outspread,
 And covered our head ;
 Their arms were beneath,
 And bore us aloft from the weapons of death.

All glory to God,
All honour and laud
To our conquering King,
Whom Lord of the heavenly armies we sing :
His servants are ours,
The angelical powers ;
And now they attend,
And assist at the concert that never shall end.

With angels above
We sing of Thy love,
With saints in the vale
Thy unsearchable riches of mercy we tell :
Till, admitted among
The glorified throng,
We look on Thy face,
And eternity spend in a rapture of praise.

After preaching to the Staffordshire Colliers.

LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Triumphant with my Lord and me ;
Look on the fields, and see them white,
Already white to harvest see.

Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
The sinners to their Saviour turn;
Their hearts are all as one inclined;
Their hearts are bowed as waving corn.

The reaper, too, receives his hire,
Filled with unutterable peace;
But farther still his hopes aspire,
And labour for eternal bliss.

Till God the full delight reveals,
And all the mighty joy is given,
The earnest in his heart he feels,
A glorious antepast of heaven.

The ripest fruit he gathers there,
The fulness of his vast reward,
Ordained the sower's joy to share,
And reign triumphant with his Lord.

Herein the faithful word is shown,
Its just accomplishment we see,
"Another reaps what one hath sown:"
The proverb is fulfilled in me.

Sent forth I am to reap the field,
On which I had no pains bestowed;

My Lord broke up the ground, and tilled,
And sowed it with the seed of God.

Entered into his work I am ;
Not unto me the praise is due,
Not unto me ; I all disclaim ;
God, only God, is kind and true.

Who wrought the work shall have the praise ;
Jesus hath laboured for our good ;
He purchased all the fallen race ;
He watered all the earth with blood.

His grace hath brought salvation nigh ;
His grace hath rolled away the stone ;
And now He hears these sinners cry,
And deeply for redemption groan.

He hears, and he will soon redeem ;
Then let us all our voices raise,
Worship and strength ascribe to Him,
And might, and majesty, and praise.

Honour, and endless thanks, and love,
And glory be to Jesus given,
By saints below, and saints above,
By all in earth, and all in heaven. ~

**On being sentenced to transportation by an
Irish Judge.**

JOIN, all the friends of Jesus, join
Your full, exulting hearts with mine;
With mine your joyful voices raise,
Attuned to our Redeemer's praise,
Who crowns us still with victory,
And now delights to honour me!

Me He hath counted for His name
Worthy to suffer wrong and shame;
Condemned for publishing my Lord,
Proscribed for ministering His word;
Untried, unheard, to exile driven,
'Gainst all the laws of earth and heaven.

Vainly in our protection join
The laws, both human and divine,
While those who fill the Judge's chair
To' abuse their dread commission dare;
Our helpless innocence sell,
To glut the priestly rage of hell.

But God in our defence shall stand,
And shield us with His own right hand ;
The Lord, whom on our side we have,
Shall from unrighteous Judges save,
His injured messengers confess,
And give His injured people peace.

Wherefore of Him His people boasts,
The Prince of peace, the Lord of hosts ;
Our Strength, and Confidence, and Tower,
Our Light in Satan's darkest hour,
Our Glory in reproach and shame,
Our Guide and Saviour in the flame.

Bound every heart which Christ inspires,
And praise Him, praise Him in the fires ;
Him walking in the furnace scan,
Whose form is as the Son of Man ;
And triumph like the faithful three,
And shout our guardian Deity.

Blessing and thanks to God most high,
And love, and might, and majesty ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lamb ;
The Spirit of power and grace proclaim ;
The great Three-One let all things praise
In glorious, everlasting lays !

Thanksgiving for an Escape from being
Crushed to Death.

THEE, Father, I praise,
Almighty in grace,
Through Jesus my Lord
Thy power be acknowledged, Thy mercy adored !
In dangers and snares
Thou number'st my hairs,
Thy wings are outspread,
My soul to defend, and to cover my head.

When destruction was nigh,
I was under Thine eye ;
When the ruin came down,
Unconscious of harm, and unhurt, I went on :
Without Thy decree
No evil could be,
And, restrained by Thy will,
Death himself had no power, or commission, to kill.

Reserved by the love
Of my Saviour above,
Thy servant I am,
Thy kingdom to spread, and to hallow Thy name :

Thee in Jesus to know,
And publish below
Thy unspeakable grace,
Which abolishes death, and redeems our whole race.

For this at Thy feet
Expecting I sit,
Till Thy counsel Thou show,
And discover the work Thou would'st have me to do :
Whatsoever it be,
Let me do it to Thee,
And Thy blessing receive,
And an heir of Thy kingdom eternally live.

After Preaching.

Not unto me, O Lord,
Not unto me, the praise,
If I with power have spoke Thy word,
And testified Thy grace.
Thou didst the power bestow,
Thou didst Thy servant find,
And raise, and send me forth to show
Thy love to all mankind.

Thy messenger of peace,
I have to sinners shown
The blood that signed their soul's release,
And did for all atone :
Thy Spirit the word applied,
And witnessed with the blood ;
And many a sprinkled rebel cried,
" Thou art my Lord, my God ! "

Thou only didst reveal
How good in Christ Thou art,
And powerfully the message seal
On the believing heart :
Thine is the work of grace ;
Lord, I the whole disclaim ;
All glory, love, and thanks, and praise,
Be paid to Jesu's name !

Jesu, to Thee alone
I would the glory give ;
O may I never seek my own,
Or praise from man receive !
Thou wilt, I firmly trust,
My feeble heart secure,
Exclude the sacrilegious boast,
And keep my conscience pure.

While, with a single eye,
I at Thy glory aim,
Thy love shall set me up on high,
In honour of Thy name;
Until I take my place
Among the saints above,
A witness of Thy heavenly grace,
Thy everlasting love.

A Prayer for a Dying Child.

FATHER, Lord of earth and heaven,
Spare, or take, what thou hast given;
Sole disposer of thine own,
Let thy sovereign will be done.

When thou didst our Isaac give,
Him we trembled to receive,
Him we called not ours, but thine,
Him we promised to resign.

Lo, we to our promise stand,
Lo, we answer thy demand;
Will not murmur or complain,
If thou claim thine own again.

Life and death depend on thee,
Just and good is thy decree ;
Safe in thy decree we rest,
Sure whatever is, is best.

Meekly we our vow repeat,
Nature *shall* to grace submit ;
Let him on the altar lie,
Let the victim live, or die.

Yet thou know'st what pangs of love,
In a father's bosom move ;
What the agony to part,
Struggling in a mother's heart.

Sorely tempted and distress'd,
Can we make the fond request ?
Dare we pray for a reprieve ?
Need we ask that he may live ?

God we absolutely trust,
Wise, and merciful, and just ;
All thy works to thee are known,
All thy blessed will be done.

If his life a snare would prove,
Rob us of thy heavenly love,
Steal our hearts from God away,
Mercy will not let him stay.

If his life would matter raise
Of thine everlasting praise,
More his Saviour glorify,
Mercy will not let him die.

On the Death of a Child.

DEAD, dead ! the child I loved so well ;
Transported to the world above !
I need no more my heart conceal ;
I never dared indulge my love :
But may I not indulge my grief,
And seek in tears a sad relief ?

Mine earthly happiness is fled,
His mother's joy, his father's hope ;
O had I died in Isaac's stead !
He should have lived, my age's prop,
He should have closed his father's eyes,
And followed me to paradise.

God's Greatness.

BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

O God, Thou bottomless abyss,
 Thee to perfection who can know ?
 O height immense ! what words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show ?
 Unfathomable depths thou art !
 O plunge me in thy mercy's sea ;
 Void of true wisdom is my heart,
 With love embrace and cover me.
 While thee all-infinite I set
 By faith before my ravished eye,
 My weakness bends beneath the weight,
 O'erpowered I sink, I faint, I die.

Eternity thy fountain was,
 Which, like thee, no beginning knew ;
 Thou wast ere time began his race,
 Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue ;

Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

Thy Parent hand, thy forming skill
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign:
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets the wand'ring thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy power above all height:
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom equal to thy might
Only to thee, O God, is known.

Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
Vain man! thy wisdom, folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight ;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell'st : light that no shade,
No variation ever knew ;
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all displayed,
And open to thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky ;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth ;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.
With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face,
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art :
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone ;
Justice and truth before thee stand ;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

Each evening shews thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace ;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.
To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe,
And all we have, and all we are
From thee, great Source of being flow.

Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are,
Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
Even those thy daily favours share
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bid'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour ;
To all who hate or bless thy sway
Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.

Yet while at length, who scorned thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright
Of those who to thy love aspire !

All creatures praise the' Eternal name !

Ye hosts that to his court belong,

Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,

Awake the everlasting song.

Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,

The power omnipotent is thine,

And when created nature dies

Thy never-ceasing glories shine.



The Transmigration.*

BY MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY,—MRS. WRIGHT.

THE period fast comes on when I
Must to an Oyster turn :
(Unless my Suky's Idol lie ;)
Nor will I grieve or mourn.

Welcome my transmigrated state !
I'll for the worst prepare :
Think while 'tis given to *think* by fate ;
Then like a *log* must *bear*.

These eyes I feel will soon depart ;
(Else Hetty should not write ;)
Their balls will to such pearls convert,
As ladies wont delight.

* These Verses seem to have been occasioned by some person, called here, *Suky's Idol*, ludicrously asserting the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, or Transmigration from body to body.

The *pineal gland*, from whence some say
Man thinks, reflects, and knows
Whate'er is best,—perhaps it may
The *oyster's head* compose.

Or coarse or curious be the mould,
Whate'er its form contains,
That small peninsula may hold
My few but *working* brains.

My *fingers* may the *striæ* make,
The *shell* my parched *skin* ;
My *nerves* and *bones* with palsies shake
The *white* reverse within.

Perhaps at *tide-time* I may wake,
And sip a little moisture ;
Then to my pillow me betake,
And sleep like brother-*oyster*.

What shall I dream ? or what compose ?
Some harmless rhymes like these ;
Below the *wits*, above the *beaus*,
Which Poll and Kez may please.

A dubious being, hardly life ;
Yet sensible of woe ;

For when death comes with rusty knife,
But few will meet the blow.

Which sure my heart, though once 'twas strong,
Will then nor fly nor choose;
The pulpy substance will not long
The *coup de grace* refuse.

My loving oyster-kins which sit
So fast to native shell,
Must then some other harbour get
Or in wide ocean dwell.

And since this *sensible* must fail,
I feel it bend and sink,
Come age, come death; you'll soon prevail,
I'll wait you on the brink.

But is there not a *something* still
Sprung from a nobler race,
Above the passions and the will,
Which lifts to Heaven its face?

There is—I feel it upward tend,
While these weak spirits decay,
Which sighs to meet its Saviour—Friend,
And springs for native day.

When all its organs marred and worn,
Let *Locke* say what he can,
'Twill act still round itself——turn,
The *mind* is still the man :

Which if fair virtue be my choice,
Above the stars shall shine ;
Above want, pain, and death rejoice,
Immortal and divine.

*Mrs. Wright's Address to her Husband.**

THE ardent lover cannot find
A coldness in his fair unkind,
But blaming what he cannot hate,
He mildly chides the dear ingrate ;
And though despairing of relief,
In soft complaining vents his grief.

* The melancholy tone and mournful character of this and the following poems is attributable to the fact that Mrs. Wright unhappily contracted an ill-fated marriage, owing in a great measure, to her strong sense of filial duty, and her father's inexorable authority. The companion of her life was a man utterly unsuited to her in mind, education, and manners, and one who did not know the value of the woman he had espoused, but who by a series of ill management and ill treatment broke the heart of his wife.

Then what should hinder but that I,
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,
By saddest, softest strains, to move
My wedded, latest, dearest love,
To throw his cold neglect aside,
And cheer once more his injured bride !

O thou whom sacred rites designed
My guide, and husband ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends ;
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Ought fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
Or tell me why I cease to please.

Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine ?
Ah no ! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height.
These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing woe.

Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place :
A youthful grace informs these lines,
Where still the purple current shines ;
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart ,
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in woe.

Or is it that, oppressed with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear,
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent ?
Ah no ! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody :
For though thine absence I lament
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.

Had I not practised every art
To' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,

To make me pleasing in thine eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise;
I had not asked "Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth;
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours long;
While thou in raptures with stretched jaws
Crownest each joke with loud applause?"

Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rivalled by such *things* as these;
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart, or die.
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee!

Then quit the shuffling doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense;
Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?

Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love?

If so, by truth itself I swear,
The sad reverse I cannot bear :
No rest, no pleasure, will I see ;
My whole of bliss is lost with thee !
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er ;
(A gift I never lost before ;)
Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe,
Who tries to mitigate my woe ;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease ;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more.

To a Mother, on the Death of her Children.

THOUGH sorer sorrows than their birth
Your children's death has given ;
Mourn not that others bear for earth,
While you have people'd heaven.

If now so painful 'tis to part,
O think that when you meet,
Well bought with shortly fleeting smart
Is never-ending sweet !

What if those little angels, nigh
To' assist your latest pain,
Should hover round you when you die,
And leave you not again ?

Say, shall you then regret your woes,
Or mourn your teeming years ?
One moment will reward your throes,
And overpay your tears.

Redoubled thanks will fill your song ;
Transported while you view
The' inclining, happy, infant throng,
That owe their bliss to you !

So moves the common star, though bright,
With simple lustre crowned ;
The planet shines, with guards of light
Attending it around.

Written when in deep anguish of spirit.

OPPRESSED with utmost weight of woe,
Debarred of freedom, health, and rest;
What human eloquence can show
The inward anguish of my breast !

The finest periods of discourse,
(Rhetoric in all her pompous dress
Unmoving) lose their pointed force,
When griefs are swelled beyond redress.

Attempt not then with speeches smooth
My raging conflicts to control ;
Nor softest sounds again can soothe
The wild disorder of my soul !

Such efforts vain to end my fears,
And long lost happiness restore,
May make me melt in fruitless tears,
But charm my tortured soul no more.

Enable me to bear my lot,
Oh Thou who only can'st redress !
Eternal God ! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

Regard thy humble suppliant's suit ;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismayed, abandoned, destitute
Of all support, but only Thine !

Nor health, nor life, I ask of Thee ;
Nor languid nature to restore :
Say but "a speedy period be
To these thy griefs,"—I ask no more !

The Resignation: a Penitent Heart hoping in God.

GREAT Power ! at whose almighty hand
Vengeance and comfort ever wait ;
Starting to earth, at Thy command,
To execute Thy love or hate ;

Thy indignation knits Thy brow
On those who dare to sin give way ;
But who so perfect, Lord, below
As *never* from Thy word to stray ?

But when Thy mighty laws we break,
And after do our guilt deplore ;
Thou dost the word of comfort speak,
And treasure up our crimes no more.

O Thou, Thy mighty grace display,
And Thy offending servant spare ;
With pain my body wastes away, . . .
My weakened limbs with constant care.

Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,
My tears do like the night-dew fall ;
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,
And all my draughts are dashed with gall.

Thou canst the heavy hand withdraw,
That bends me downward to the grave ;
One healing touch my pain can awe,
And Thy declining servant save.

But if Thy justice has decreed,
I still must languish out my days ;
Support me in the time of need,
Patient to bear these slow decays.

Lo! to Thy dreadful will I bow,
Thy visitations still to prove;
Thy judgments do Thy mercy show,
Since, Lord, thou chast'nest in Thy love.

A Mother's Address to a Dying Infant.

TENDER softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long enduring swoon
Weighs thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thine own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguished be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!

Drooping sweetness ! verdant flower !
 Blooming, withering in an hour !
 Ere thy gentle breast sustains
 Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
 Hear a suppliant ! let *me* be
 Partner in thy destiny !
 That whene'er the fatal cloud
 Must thy radiant temples shroud ;
 When deadly damps, impending now,
 Shall hover round thy destined brow,
 Diffusive may their influence be,
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree* !

The Lucid Interval.

WEAR pleasure, *Stella* ! on thy face,
 Nor check the rising joy :
Nor canst thou, since the heart displays
 Its transport through the eye.

Those dearly welcome hours of rest,
 This pleasing truce from care,
Removes the mountains from thy breast,
 Thou hast not learnt to bear.

Though, distant far from what I love,
My blooming hopes are crossed,
Yet free as air my thoughts can rove,
In silent rapture lost !

Then, *Stella*, prize thy present ease,
This interval of woe :
Since other moments blest as these
Thy life may never know.

Snatch the fleet pleasures ere they part :
To-morrow (should'st thou say)
Though pain may rend this tortured heart,
I'll smile and live to-day.

A Farewell to the World.

WHILE sickness rends this tenement of clay,
The approaching change with pleasure I survey ;
O'erjoyed to reach the goal, with eager pace,
Ere my slow life has measured half its race.
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease ;

Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,
While piercing racks and tortures work within.
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,
Record the evil, and forget the good :
For *both* I humble adoration pay ;
And bless the Power who gives, and takes away.
Long shall my faithful memory retain
And oft recall each interval of pain.
Nay, to high heaven for greater gifts I bend ;
Health I've enjoyed, and I had once a *friend* !
Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem,
Allowed the sportive and instructive scene.
Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found ;
We poised the wavering sail with ballast sound.
Learning here placed her richer stores in view,
Or, winged with love, the minutes gaily flew !
Nay, yet sublimer joy our bosoms proved,
Divine benevolence, by heaven beloved.
Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting, blest us with reviving breath.
The shivering wretch we clothed, the mourner cheered,
And sickness ceased to groan when we appeared.
Unasked, our care assists with tender art
Their bodies, nor neglects the immortal part.
Sometimes in shades unpierced by Cynthia's beam,
Whose lustre glimmered on the dimpled stream,

We wandered innocent through sylvan scenes,
Or tripped like fairies o'er the level greens,
From fragrant herbage decked with pearly dews,
And flowerets of a thousand different hues,
By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,
And round our heads the whispering breezes sigh.
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve
The holier hours of innocence and love.
Youth, wit, good-nature, candour, sense, combined
To serve, delight, and civilize mankind ;
In wisdom's love we every heart engage,
And triumph to restore the Golden Age !

Nor close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,
The latest blissful scene that thou shalt choose ;
Sate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wish, to balance every pain :
To bow my head, with grief and toil oppressed,
Till borne by angel-bands to *everlasting rest*.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mary Whitelamb,

SISTER TO MRS. WRIGHT.

It highest worth, in beauty's bloom,
Exempted mortals from the tomb ;
We had not round this sacred bier
Mourned the sweet babe and mother here,

Where innocence from harm is blest,
And the meek sufferer is at rest !
Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,
Till Heaven relieved the finished saint.

If savage bosoms felt her woe,
(Who lived and died without a foe,)
How should I mourn, or how commend,
My tenderest, dearest, firmest friend ?
Most pious, meek, resigned and chaste,
With every social virtue graced !

If, reader, thou wouldst prove and know,
The ease she found not here below ;
Her bright example points the way
To perfect bliss and endless day.

Epitaph on Herself.

DESTINED while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain ;
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair ;

Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged, she sunk beneath its weight ;
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired.
The painful, mortal conflict's o'er ;
A broken heart can bleed no more !

*To the Memory of Mr. Matthew Wesley.**

How can the muse attempt the string,
Forsaken by her guardian power ?
Ah me ! that she survives to sing
Her friend and patron now no more !
Yet private grief she might suppress,
Since *Clio* bears no selfish mind ;
But, oh ! she mourns to wild excess,
The friend and patron of mankind.

Alas ! the sovereign healing art,
Which rescued thousands from the grave,
Unaided left the gentlest heart,
Nor could its skilful master save.

* This gentleman was a surgeon of eminent practice, and uncle to Mrs. Wright, of whom he was the particular friend and patron. *Clio* is her assumed poetic name ; *Varro* that of her uncle.

Who shall the helpless sex sustain,
Now *Varro's* lenient hand is gone?
Which knew so well to soften pain,
And ward all dangers but its own.

His darling muse, his *Clio* dear,
Whom first his favour raised to fame;
His gentle voice vouchsafed to cheer,
His art upheld her tender frame:
Pale envy durst not shew her teeth,
Above contempt she gaily shone,
Chief favourite! till the hand of death
Endangered both, by striking one.

Perceiving well, devoid of fear,
His latest fatal conflict nigh;
Reclined on her he held most dear,
Whose breast received his parting sigh;
With every art and grace adorned,
By man admired, by heaven approved—
Good *Varro* died,—applauded, mourned,
And honoured by the Muse he loved.

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